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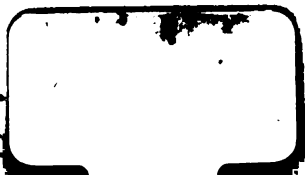
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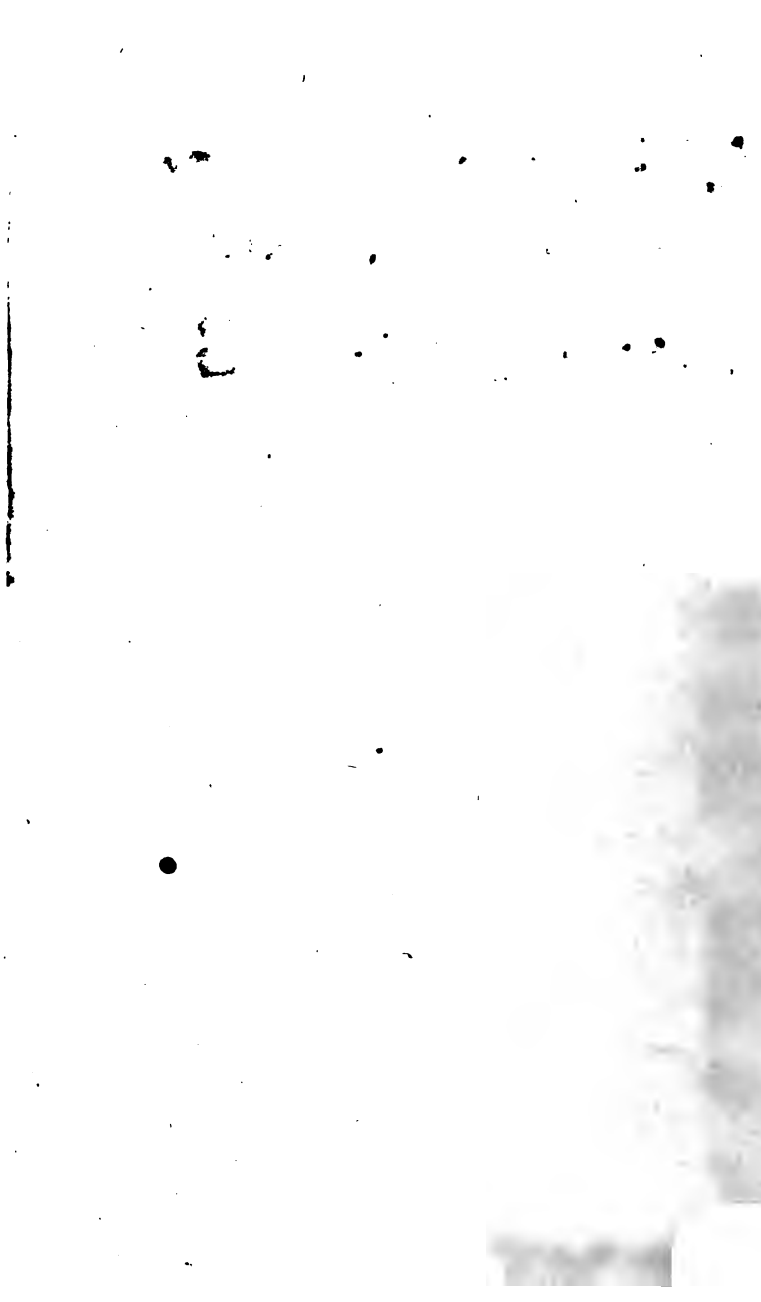
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MEMOIR

OF

HANNAH TAYLOR:

EXTRACTED

From her own Memorandums.

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P R E F A C E.

THE reader is here presented with the *Me-
moir* of an individual, who, though not ex-
tensively known, was an example of Christian
patience and fortitude, under a long and very
painful continuance of domestic trials.

*With that humility which a conviction of
our frailties impresses on a mind, alive to the
feelings of anxious solicitude, for the welfare
of the immortal soul, she viewed, with a jea-
lous eye, the deviations from the direction of
her Heavenly Guide ; many of which, to those
who were most conversant with her, passed
unobserved.*

*She was a faithful and most affectionate
wife ; but her husband's occupation, in the
seafaring line, and other circumstances, of*

too delicate a nature to be particularized, totally deprived her of his society for many years. This was the subject of her most distressing solicitude; and the source of her deepest afflictions.

With the exception of correcting some verbal inaccuracies, the remarks are the genuine production of her own pen. She occasionally gave vent to her feelings of sorrow in metrical lines; and on more pleasant topics, indulged in this mode of communicating her sentiments. The specimens given at the end of this Memoir, it is presumed, will not be thought devoid of poetical merit.

MEMOIR, &c.

SECTION I.

Various interesting events in the year 1799.

1st Mo. 1799. **W**HEN I review the many and painful changes, to which I have been subjected in my short life, I may say: "Every thing on earth is as unstable as water, and continueth not." I well remember the first trying circumstance that afflicted me. It was the account of the death of my father, Wm. Harris, whom we had been expecting home every hour, after having seen his vessel sail into a harbour, a few miles distant. He died at sea, and was interred in Scotland, near John a Grot's house, by Sir John Sinclair, of May Castle; who took up his coffin, which, by the mate's neglect, was floating in the sea, in the strait of Pentland Firth.

My dear mother was left with six children. I was the eldest of them, and aged about 15 years. She was in so poor a state of health,

both before and after our father's death, that we dreaded the thoughts of being left orphans, in a world with which we were little acquainted. However, it pleased a wise and merciful Creator, to spare to us our ~~very~~ dear mother, a few years longer : she lived to see me married, and become a mother. I left her a few weeks previous to her decease, in hopes of seeing her again, as she seemed better than heretofore ; and I returned home with my beloved husband and little daughter. Soon after this, he left me to go to sea, which was a close trial to me ; for I loved him with uncommon affection. When he was from home, I could not derive that satisfaction from the society of my friends, which they were accustomed to give, so much was my heart bound up in him ; and I had little joy, except in my sweet little girl, who comforted me in her father's absence.

About this time, I began to think more seriously than I had hitherto done, on the important business of my soul's welfare ; and I saw into the great necessity of stricter attention to the Spirit of Truth, which reproved for sin in my own heart. I felt thankful that I had been preserved from gross sins, in the days of my

youth; but I was convicted of much lightness and emptiness, from having given way to the natural liveliness of my disposition. I had sometimes danced and sung with my companions, and said it was all innocent; yet I well remember feeling condemned and very heavy after it.

But to return—During my husband's absence, I lived very retired, and I think I may say, pretty innocently; seldom going out but to meetings, and to my dear father in law's, next door. I began to like to read the Scriptures and other religious books; and found consolation and instruction therein.

I was thus situate when I heard of my precious mother's death, which was an afflicting stroke; but I was favored with resignation, believing it was ordered by that Wisdom which cannot err. I felt much sympathy for my dear sister Eliza, who was left in charge of the three youngest children. My eldest brother was then mate of the vessel that had belonged to my father, and was absent when my mother died, which was afflicting to him.

I now began to look with pleasure to the return of my husband, and too anxiously desired

it ; yea with more anxiety than I desired the thorough purification of my own heart. The time at length arrived, after an absence of eleven months. My dear and valued father in law took him into partnership with him, in hopes that his being on shore might conduce to his advantage every way, and to my comfort ; for he was like an own father to me. I had now the prospect of being more happy, than I had been at any time of my life ; for we lived in an agreeable part of the town, had a sweet engaging child, and a plentiful income ; but, how soon human prospects vanish, will be seen in the following relation.

[Some occurrences of a peculiarly afflicting nature are here adverted to by the writer, but it may suffice to say, that her domestic comforts were thereby broken up, and, which greatly added to her other deep trials, she was deprived, by death, of her beloved only child, who, as she expresses it, "Had been her greatest comfort for some months."]

Oh ! the scrowful days and wearisome nights that I passed for months together, about this

time, yet I had not any one to whom I thought it best to open my mind, but the Lord alone ; who only knew the bitterness of my grief, and who often consoled me, for having done my duty, and encouraged me to continue to do so through all, though no easy task. I often petitioned the Almighty to enable me to keep my senses ; for I found, without his all-powerful help, I must have sunk under extreme agony ; and the Lord, whose tender mercies are over all his works, deigned to endow a worm like me with resignation ; and, in an unexpected manner, stilled my tossed soul, enabling me to say in sincerity : “ Thy will be done ! ”

In about three months after the death of my child, my youngest brother died, having been brought from school to try if the sea air could relieve him. He was a sweet innocent boy, and when only five years old, dreaded to play with children who used bad words, lest they should corrupt him. About a quarter of an hour before he died, his voice was so gone, that he could not articulate one word plainly. Looking sweetly at his sister Eliza, and then at me, and giving us each his hand ; he seemed to wish to speak, but could not, he therefore spelled letter by letter : “ O ! praise His great name ! ”

On my leaving the room, he looked at his sister Eliza, and pointing to his breast and then towards Heaven, intimated he was going thither; after which he quietly departed, doubtless to never-ending joy; aged about nine years.

It was trying to part with my dear brother, but my trials had been, and then were, such as not to be compared to the death of an innocent child; which, though painful to the natural part, cannot be real cause of affliction. Such are early favored to enter into a state of blessedness, which we can only expect after a tribulated and faithful life.

In a few days after this, I set off for Ireland, leaving my once-loved home to be occupied by another, without having a place I could call my own in the world. I remained a few months at Cork with my brother and sister, J. and E. Morris; after which I came to Clonmel, to assist my sister, J. Jacob, in the school here.

O! that I may be assisted to make steady advances in the path of the just, daily numbering my transgressions, and always keeping resigned to the Divine will. Although I may have

many and sore trials yet to meet with; if Thou wilt sanctify them to me, as thou hast measurably done the past, I trust they will be numbered among the many blessings, Thou hast poured down on my unworthy head; therefore, above all, oh my God! I beg of Thee, to purify my yet corrupt heart; cleanse it from all sin; and in the room thereof, bring in "everlasting righteousness;" so that I may not only on earth, but also in the regions of light and life, praise thy ever worthy name; with that of the Son of thy love, the glorious Christ Jesus, my Lord and Redeemer, for ever and evermore!

[The narrative being brought down to the 1st Month, 1799, now assumes the form of a diary; the reflections immediately preceding are, in the original, interwoven with some other subjects, that have been omitted; and this will account for the apparent abruptness with which they are introduced.]

Clonmel, 1st Month, 1799. This month spent in attending school, and other necessary employments. My mind much tried at not hear-

ing from my friends : the latter part of the month I was more quiet, knowing the mails have been twice robbed, namely, on the 23d and 30th instant. I fear little or no progress is made in the blessed path of self-denial. O ! for more strength and true Christian patience, to bear up through the trials of the day.

2d Month. The fore part of this month was spent in deep distress, for which, letters from my friends have since convinced me, I had cause. I have been taught, by late experience, that of myself I can do no good thing. O ! the great need I have to keep close to my King and Law-giver, both now and always.

3d Month. I have seen myself a very poor creature, as also the great necessity of strict watchfulness over all my words and thoughts, and my own great deficiency herein. I have craved for strength to war against these evils in future. The quick witness in my own heart is my reprover and kind instructor ; and I am convinced, if I keep close and obedient to its safe monitions, I shall more and more grow in grace, and gradually approach towards that state of entire freedom from sin, which I have

long ardently desired ; and at which, I trust, the Lord my God will enable me to arrive, before I go hence, “ When the tree must lie as it falleth.”

4th Month. Lately greatly afflicted at the prospect of not having a home on the earth, of which I never considered myself so destitute as until a few days back. Under the knowledge of this, I have been melted into bitter tears and heartfelt sighings. As I was thus pondering over my sorrowful situation, considering myself unworthy of Divine notice, a minister of consolation was instrumental, in the Lord's hand, to pour in the encouraging balm of hope, by expressing my state of mind. He advised me to trust in the Lord, nothing doubting ; intimating if I, like Job, retained my integrity through all the afflictions with which unsearchable Wisdom saw meet to try me, all should be returned to me four-fold ; and my last days should, in every respect, be my best days, &c. The above is similar to what dear D. Sands had said to me in Waterford about six months ago, and two other ministers at different times, so that I do wish to trust, nothing doubting ; not that I am worthy of any favor ; but O ! may I

depend on the loving kindness of my Creator, and on his unbounded mercy; for the Lord my God knows, "I have none in heaven but Him, nor in all the earth in comparison of Him." Yet I am sensible I do not love him as I ought, nor as I desire to love him; therefore, O my King! increase my love, my faith, and my obedience; and never suffer me to disobey Thy pure law written in my own imperfect heart. Preserve me in the valley of deep humiliation, into which I see I must further descend. Ah! thy own beloved Son, my dear Redeemer, walked in it; then why should I recoil at the humbling prospect before me. O Lord! make of me what Thou wilt, only I beg of thee, grant me Thy enlightening presence.

Since writing the above, I attended the quarterly meeting held here, during which I felt myself poor, and every way nothing. I got discouraged again, notwithstanding the foregoing messages. The Lord knows, not from doubting his care; but from other painful surmisings, better avoided. Lord! help me through all.

5th Month. I have received an affectionate letter from my beloved brother, David Harris,

in which he expresses his near sympathy with me, and kindly orders me to draw of his money, if necessary, during his absence.

I have a prospect of soon leaving this land, my sister having relinquished the school, where I have been more tranquil than I at first expected ; but not so forward in the best travel as my heart desires. O ! I am too lukewarm and Martha like, careful and troubled about many things. O ! help me to more of Mary's virtue, for Thou alone canst do it, gracious Lord.

Cork, 5th Month, 12th. I left Clonmel on the 9th of this Month, and had the satisfaction of seeing my dear brother, D. Harris, at this place, who sailed for Quebec on the 12th, though I felt much poverty in a spiritual sense, and the old serpent was exceedingly buffeting.

6th Month, 2d. Favored this evening with a small feeling of heavenly love, which is very welcome after long desertion. O ! may this sweet consoling balm be thankfully received, and my poor feeble mind encouraged to war against the world, the flesh, and the devil, by the overcoming power of my dear Redeemer.

O ! withhold it not from me, my Lord ! and my King ! for I can do no good thing without a portion of it.

14th. Nothing particular as to the outward ; but sighing and inward lamentation, through fear, that there is not a growing in grace, nor any sense of drawing nearer to the kingdom than when I first believed ; but on the contrary, being overcome in some things, which I thought I detested. O ! for heavenly aid, for that alone can do all for and in us, when strictly attended to.

18th. More quietness and peace, with desires for improvement in good, and forgiveness of past omissions and commissions.

Still tried about an outward home, yet thanks be to my dear Lord and Comforter, I have not been left entirely without his presence; nor without a hope that I shall not be wholly forsaken, if I put my trust in Him, which I ardently wish to do ; and to love Him with all my heart, with all my mind, and with all my strength, both now and to the end of my life. Amen!

7th Month, 5th, 1799. Strong desires for retirement, to improve in the work of my soul's entire redemption from the world and the things of it! O! that I had a quiet dwelling-place, where I might have what might be just needful for the body, and the rest of my time devoted to the best work, to which my poor mind has long been secretly drawn. O Lord! if it be thy will, promote this, for Thou knowest I love Thee better than all the world. Thou hast weaned me, O Lord! from what I formerly delighted in and enjoyed; yet for want of solemn quietness, I am not advanced in holiness as I desire; therefore, O! prepare a place for me, (for on Thee I depend,) where I may, more often than the day, retire to thy gift within me, love, cherish, and obey it, there know the work to be done, ere I am fitted to appear before Thee, as a good and faithful servant.

On the 19th, accompanied my brother J. Morris to Youghall, and attended the quarterly meeting there; much solid council was handed to the youth, by which I hope I may profit. Returned on the 24th to Cork. Sarah Stephenson and M. Jefferies are now here on a religious visit. They sat with us, in a family visit,

and Sarah had encouragement to drop to my state, with a caution to remember Lot's wife, advising to press forward to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God, &c.—to leave visibles, and often to wait on the Lord in retirement, and He will be with me whithersoever I go ; which is all I desire at this time ; for, in the Lord's presence, there is fullness of life, and joy unspeakable.

8th Month, 2d. Endeavouring to wait quietly for information respecting an outward home, which I have now been upwards of two years without ; yet through all, I have great cause to be thankful, having never lacked any needful thing, except retirement, of which I have often coveted more ; but the Lord is merciful, and able to help through all, if I keep to his light. O that I may walk in it to the end of my days, is the desire of my poor soul !

10th Month. I have had the pleasing news of my dear brother's safe arrival in Dublin, and have been much tried in my mind about moving thither to cross the sea with him. Bitter tears and heart-felt sighs have scarcely given relief to my burdened mind. I seem like a wander-

ing bird that has no rest. I have many friends with whom I could sit down for a while; but no settled place; neither do I know what to do. A state of dependance on the kindness of even my nearest friends, has often felt painful to my mind.

15th. I have pretty much concluded to wait here until my brother arrives, and then to go to England with him. My poor and often tossed mind has, for a few days, been more calm; and a hope has been raised, that the great Provider will care for a worm like me, if I continue to rely on his never-failing kindness. O! may the remainder of my days be spent in Thy fear. May I never grieve thy holy Spirit, O Lord, my God, my Saviour and blessed Redeemer! May I humbly serve Thee in all thy requirings, thou Father of the fatherless, and friend of the forsaken. Blessed be thy adorable Name, thou hast not rejected me, though I am totally unworthy of thy merciful love. O Lord! preserve me in well doing, and keep me from all evil by the power of thy might, for I shall, without it, fall into the snare of the wicked one.

17th. This day, in meeting, desirous to love my neighbour as myself, and in all things to do

as I would be done by, which is often deviated from by many, and by myself also. I should not like any one to cull out my imperfections, and mention them in my absence, but in love tell them privately to myself: remember then to go and do likewise—or keep silence.

13th of 11th Month.—I returned here on the 11th instant, after spending a few agreeable days with my dear relations and friends at Clonmel. I felt considerable regret in parting from my dear sister J. Jacob and her family. I arrived safely at Cork after a stormy ride, which is surely a favor, as some danger appeared from this country being in a state of rebellion, having to cross Killworth-mountain by moonlight, which is five miles in extent. No carnal weapons on which to rely. Ah, no! we have no dependence on such protection. May we ever depend on the safest, even that of an over-ruling Providence, who never forsakes his depending children, when they put their whole trust in Him. May I do so, to the end of my life, by thy help, O Lord!

11th Mo. 21st. This day, I am twenty-five years of age. O that I may grow in grace as

my years increase, but alas! I fear this is not the case; however, not as evidently so as I desire.

30th. I have clearly seen the great need of watchfulness unto prayer, for strength to go forward in the spiritual warfare, and my own great deficiency herein. Oh! that my eyes may be more and more opened in thy light, O Lord! and that ability may be given to walk uprightly in it; for truly of myself I can do no good thing; yet under thy direction, O my God! I know I can go forward. Grant me, therefore, thy help, for I am poor and needy.

12th Mo. 17th Last evening I received an affectionate letter from my dear brother D. Harris, requesting me to hasten to Dublin to cross the sea with him, and not to be thoughtful about my future maintenance, as he would do all in his power to make me comfortable, which I acknowledge as a favor from Heaven, as I can accept from my own brother, what would give me pain to receive from more distant, though kind relatives.

On the 25th, I sailed with my brother in the ship Christian, and had a fair wind and pleas-

ing prospect of a good passage for six hours. Afterwards the wind became contrary, and we were beating to windward till about ten o'clock, when we took shelter in Douglass harbour, in the Isle of Man. We sailed from Douglass on the 28th; and had a fair wind until night-fall. 29th, one o'clock, just entering Workington harbour, which, after having been five days on ship-board, is a favor worthy of gratitude from us, dependant beings, to our All-wise and All-merciful Creator.

We came to Maryport the same evening, and were gladly received by our relations. Yesterday, the ministry of an elderly friend affected my mind, as well as encouraged it to press forward, notwithstanding the little life I now feel, or have of late felt: but the Lord's covenant is as sure with the night as with the day, if we do not turn ourselves obstinately against his safe and gracious call, to come out of Egyptian bondage, and not to leave one hoof behind. No—not one favorite passion unsubdued—nor one vice, or dangerous inclination unmortified. The pure and righteous God, is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity in any, with approbation. The precious

principle which he has, in adorable kindness, placed in each of our hearts, *never* did, I do believe, nor *ever* will, approve of the least degree of iniquity in us; and it will also enable us to distinguish between the voice of our friend and that of our enemy. The former leads into all truth, if closely followed, and the latter into all evil.

SECTION II.

Events of the years 1800 and 1801.

Thirsk, 2d Month, 2d, 1800. It appears now fixed for me to have the care of my dear twin sisters, when my brother's house is at liberty to receive us. With regard to my inward journeyings, I can give but a poor account, for although I hope I have taken my departure out of Egypt under the command of my spiritual Law-giver, yet I think my progress has been but slow, perhaps from neglecting a constant obedience to the commands of this safe Guide. May I hereafter attend diligently to every intimation of duty, of what nature soever, and thus, though slowly, get on safely towards that promised land, of the fruit of which I had a slight taste, in times past; but alas! the flesh is weak, though the spirit is willing to undergo all. Oh! the poverty and weakness of my poor mind at this time.

North Shields, 16th of 2d Month. I came to this place on the 13th inst. and found my dear father in law and family well. On enter-

ing this house, and viewing the one in which I once lived so comfortably with my dear husband and sweet child, although a long time has since elapsed, my mind was much affected, and melted into bitter tears, at a retrospective view of what I then enjoyed, and of which I have since been so painfully deprived—but resignation has again resumed her seat, and I am now comfortably reconciled to my hard lot, and can, though in much weakness, thank the Lord my God for present and past favors. I feel scarcely any life in a spiritual sense; yet purity and holiness remain to be my primary wish. Oh! that I may be helped to make strait steps through this vale of sorrow and temptation, towards that state where none but the pure in heart are admitted.

31st. The quarterly meeting is to be held to-morrow; I hope we may be favored with the overshadowing of the heavenly wing, to our comfort, and to the glory of His excellent name!

4th Month. I attended the quarterly meeting, which was favored, in the fore part, by Divine goodness; but, from some cause or other, became dead and heavy towards the conclusion,

which caused me to come away with a heavy heart. I doubt not but that the life was stifled by the backwardness and disobedience of several, which hindered the work from going forward, by the stopping of some wheels that would neither go by oil or by force. As to my own state, it is very low ; and the many potent enemies of my house, with which I have to war, appear almost like Goliath's ; but I believe they can be overcome by the Lord's help.

4th Month, 9th. My own unworthiness has, of late, been shown me, and how little I deserve Divine aid, yet it has, in degree, been extended to my help and peace. Thanks to the gracious and truly condescending Giver. O ! that I may be assisted to watch unto prayer against all temptation.

28th. Favored with inward strength to war against temptation ; for which I wish to feel humbly thankful. I am very low, and seldom feel the movings of good in my heart, but I trust in the needful time they will be extended.

4th of 5th Month. I have lately been favored with much peace of mind, arising, I apprehend,

from having obtained a degree of victory over some unpleasant desires and thoughts, with which I have frequently been attacked, and for which I have often lamented with bitter grief.

It is the Lord that hath helped me, and shown me the evil of my heart; and I trust he will hereafter strengthen me to war against all temptation, if I do but look to Him in faith. This day I have felt my mind a little disturbed from the trifling cause of getting wet, and having my clothes spoiled in coming from meeting; for this I have felt sad, as it shows me how weak and imperfect I am. I write it as a caution, to endeavour to do so no more; for I do wish to bear all I may have to meet with patiently; and to be constantly in that state of meekness and purity, which only is acceptable to God. O Lord, help me! O Lord, forgive all my sins, that I may again enjoy thy glorious presence, and magnify thy name in all my thoughts, words, and actions, both now and for ever, evermore! Amen.

5th Month, 25th. Very low in a spiritual sense, though pretty free from temptation; for which I am thankful. O! that my heart may

be purified and cleansed by the fire of Christ, which is sufficient to cleanse from all sin, and does truly burn as an oven, consuming all that is of a sinful nature; if we submit to its operations, and receive it for our good. O! I am weak, poor, and nothing! may I be made wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ, and be patient through all trials to the end.

I have been favored with the account of my brother's safe arrival at Newry, from Norway. I feel calmly resigned to the state in which I now am, believing it has been permitted by an all-wise Providence, doubtless for my lasting good, if I only profit by it as I ought. It hath shown me how little worth loving my heart's delights were, that the things of this world are only like a vain shadow, which vanish away, and leave the lovers of them to lament in disappointment. O! the folly of setting the affections on any thing here! May I be preserved from doing so in future. By thy help, O Thou helper of the weak, I can walk safely.

30th. I have learned, by a letter from my brother, that he is bound for Memel and Dublin. May the Father of the fatherless be his

guide, and preserve him from sin in all its disguised shapes !

8th Month, 15th. The beginning of this week very poorly in health. On second day attended the monthly meeting at Sunderland; during the sittings of which, I felt inward sorrow of heart, and have almost ever since, on account of my impurity and disobedience to the holy law of the Lord, manifest within. O truly our destruction is of ourselves, for the Lord gives light and strength sufficient to the trials of the day; but I, sinful creature, have not leaned to his strength.

I see my errors, and the goodness of the Lord, which humbles me below the Lord's children; and I do not feel worthy to offer up a prayer for help, having made so poor a use of the help already given me. O when shall I die to self! O Lord God, when shall I be delivered from the body of this death! O I am impure! O I am imperfect; and I sigh for thorough redemption from all impurity of flesh and of spirit, which I am convinced, strict obedience to thy manifestations in my heart, will alone accomplish.

This day two friends finished a visit to the families of friends of this place. They had a favored time in this family, and had a little encouragement to hand to me among the rest; yet I feel very low and unworthy still, though encouragement is what I had no right to look for; but the Lord is rich in mercy, and full of loving kindness.

Thirsk, 28th of 9th Month. I came to this place the 1st of this month, and found my dear sisters and friends well. We have since received an account of our dear brother's safe arrival in Ireland. I attended the quarterly meeting held at York, which was large and well-conducted. My mind, whilst there, and most of the time I have been here, has been free from condemnation, though not much favored with the sensible feeling of Divine overshadowing and regard; but I am content, as the Lord knows what is best for me. May I be preserved from luke-warmness, is my inward cry; and from the attacks of man's unwearied enemy, or rather, from joining in with such attacks; for truly I am very weak of myself.

I think of going to Maryport soon. O that the Lord may be with us in that place, and ena-

ble me to fulfil my duty to my young sisters; as also to touch their hearts with the feeling of his powerful love, so that they may turn their minds from this perishing world, and embrace and strictly follow, the things which lead to the everlasting kingdom of the Lord God and his Christ!

Maryport, 27th of 10th Month. My sisters and I left Thirak the 2d of this month, and got to Penrith that evening; next morning we travelled pleasantly along to Keswick, and had a beautiful view of lofty mountains and smooth lakes; which continued most of the road to Cockermouth. We reached this place to tea, where we found our brother and friends well.

11th Month, 8th. I have now got a fire-side of my own, and am pretty well settled in my mind; yet notwithstanding this, I meet with some things that disturb my much desired tranquillity of heart, in which state we best bear the reproofs and comforts which the unspeaking word utters, according as our states are. O this tranquillity of mind! how do I desire it! and it grieves me when I suffer any worldly occurrence whatever to break it. It shows me I am not perfect, far from it. It shows me I do not

walk uprightly on this sea of glass, mingled with fire. No—for none but those who have gotten the victory over all evil, can stand thereon. Yet I trust, (for my heart aspires after entire victory,) that the Lord of my life, will, from time to time, enable me to bear patiently, and to overcome all the trials I may hereafter meet with, whether from the world, or from man's adversary within; so that I may stand firm, and be enabled, with the multitude, to sing the song of Moses and of the Lamb, to my great and everlasting Redeemer, who alone can give strength and victory. O Lord God! incline my heart to listen to thy precepts continually, that I fall not away from thy truth. And oh! quicken me again and again with thy animating power, for Thou knowest I am poor and needy, and can do no good thing, without thy help. Condescend, therefore, if it be thy blessed will, O my King! to help a worm like me, not only to do thy will, but also to magnify thy most excellent name.

8d of 12th Month. During last month, I was frequently ailing in my health, though I have no cause to complain; being cared for in sickness. As to my soul's prosperity, I scarcely

know what to say, except that strong desires for its liberation from the bondage of sin and death, continue to reign there; and I trust by the help of my dear Lord and Master, I am making a slow progress towards this desirable state, in which there shall be an end of every degree of sin; and righteousness and pure holiness shall predominate in my soul. Hasten it, O Lord, my God!

4th of 2d Month, 1801. I seem just recovering from a slow illness of twelve days, which has reduced me a little, but I wanted no assistance or any thing necessary; which is a favour that I believe I am thankful for; knowing that many are not so well cared for.

Another favor my good Master bestowed upon me in this sickness, viz. a visit from one of his dedicated servants, D. Sands. He had a meeting at this place on the morning of the 2d instant; in the evening he came to see me, and the Lord was with us, bowing our hearts before Him. David supplicated on my behalf, that I might be supported through all my trials, and that they might be sanctified to me; after which he comforted me with encouraging words. F

felt thankful and abased before the Lord for this favor; for truly all favors proceed from Him, especially of this sort.

22d. Lately, tossed in my mind and much agitated by some unpleasant occurrences, which have afflicted and melted me to tears many times, as I have dreaded my mind being drawn off from my best and only sure Guide and Helper. I trust the same Hand which has supported me in my sore troubles, may yet again, in mercy, be stretched out for my preservation; for I am fully convinced, that, without Divine help, I am unable to do one good thing, or to keep in an acceptable state of mind. And O! that the unslumbering Shepherd of Israel may watch over me for good, and bring me, by the means he may appoint, to be, what it is his will, I should be; for I am, by his love, favored with resignation at this time.

O! that this favor may be continued through future suffering, which will, most probably, be my lot, so that I may have to say: "In the world I have had *great* trouble, but in Christ Jesus unspeakable peace;" for surely He is the Prince of Peace to the obedient.

1st of 4th Month. I can scarcely tell what to say respecting last month, but I think it has not been spent either pleasantly or profitably; for, from an almost constant oppression and load of sorrow, it has not tasted of joy; nor have I had satisfaction in any thing, from a dread that sorrow, of some kind, is near, and a fear lest the mind should be hurt by those things which embitter my path.

O Lord God! help me to bear all my afflictions with resignation to Thy holy will, and oh! suffer them to work together for the good of my immortal soul. O I am so bewildered with sore trouble and anxiety, that I am far from holy stillness; and I fear I am going backward from the heavenly country, where, in times past, I longed to be, and was favored to taste a little of its comforts; but of late I seem divested of good, and my mind is burdened with reflecting on my strange and tried situation: yet I may with thankfulness acknowledge the goodness of my Guide in preserving me from sins which once beset; so that I have had no sorrowful reflections as to my own conduct, except from being too hasty when meeting with cross occurrences. Oh! that we were always under Thy

holy awe, thou God of love ; that, being taught by thy loving kindness to poor fallen man, we might inherit some of thy adorable qualities, and live in perpetual love to one another, and to Thee, our tender Father !

27th of 5th Month. I seem to be looking towards going to Clonmel, and taking my sisters as scholars. My brother is likely to marry; and some other things appear in the way to my going to house-keeping.

Although this removal will be adding another to my tossed state, yet I hope, if we do go, it may prove for the best : it matters little where I am, if I can only enjoy peace of mind, and live free from sin. O that it may please the great Governor of all, to order all things for the good of my soul, and to lessen my afflictions, so that I may, in a moderate degree, taste the sweets of life. On the 13th of this month, my brother David sailed for Liverpool, to take in a cargo for Virginia ; and, about an hour after, my sister E. Smith and her little daughter arrived. His having sailed was a great disappointment to her, as one principal motive of her visit was to see him. As to my poor mind, I

think it was seldom weaker, more poor, and less worthy of Divine comfort; but it has been kept pretty free from temptation. Thanks to the preserver of men!

5th of 7th Month. Last evening my dear brother David put into Whitehaven, having sprung a leak, after leaving Liverpool on his voyage to Virginia. It was pleasant to see him again, and a favor he was able to reach a harbour. My mind more calm than for some time back, but low and depressed, though easy, as to my own conduct, which I do not attribute to myself, knowing that of myself alone I cannot walk uprightly, or be acceptable to my Maker; but as He gives strength and light, and I co-operate therewith. Very low and labouring work in meeting to-day. I felt as if some held back more than was meet.

18th. Blessed be the Lord! I feel him near this evening. May he always be near, and may I dwell near him for ever; for I have no joy but in Him alone; He comforts when the nearest friends forsake. Oh! that I may never offend so kind, so compassionate a Father and Friend!

27th. Busily preparing for Ireland: Anxious at not hearing from my friends—pretty well in mind, but rather low.

20th of 8th Month. Very anxious in mind : just about leaving this land.

23d. We sailed from Maryport about eleven o'clock this morning.

27th. We are now near the high land of Dungan, and have had very fine weather so far; and the last two days I have been pretty free from sickness; which renders our long passage easy and comfortable. My mind has been free from anxiety or uneasiness since I left Maryport; which I hope is an evidence of my moving being right. I feel poor in spirit, yet I trust the Lord, my friend and protector, is near. May I serve Thee, O my King, now and for evermore. Amen!

28th. Arrived in Cork river about two o'clock; it is now past five, and we are lying about two miles below Black Rock.

Clonmel, 9th of 9th Month. We reached this place on the 31st of last month, and found

all my relations well, and pleased to see me again. I feel quite at home, and have enjoyed quietness and peace of mind since I came here ; but have not felt, very sensibly, the movings of good. When it pleaseth the best of Guides to visit again, and unveil his face, joy superior to any thing I have lately felt, will be experienced ; but I must wait the proper time.

1st of 10th Month. Of late, anxiety at not hearing from my friends for several weeks, has interrupted my quiet. I have had better health than I had before I left England. There is still something depressive hangs over me.

4th. This afternoon in meeting, a friend spoke of the speculative opinions which so sorrowfully spread in this land amongst friends, and said he was bold to assert his belief, that they will end in confusion ; quoting this passage of scripture : " The gifts and callings of God are without repentance."

Now many who had received these good gifts, have entirely left off using them, which he thinks is a proof of disobedience to the heavenly Giver, or an evidence of their being misled by the

transformations of Satan. With this my heart accorded, and I was glad to hear that we have some left to vindicate the gospel of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in this day of division and unbelief. May I ever believe in it, and be obedient to it, saith my poor willing but weak mind.

22d. A favored meeting. Divers friends bore testimony to the truth.

22d of 11th Month. This morning, three friends sat with this family. I went into the parlour in fear, feeling unworthy of any good communication. The opportunity was much favored; many were encouraged and strengthened to go forward in the path of known duty. Even I was more encouraged to hope respecting a subject that has long been dear to me, than I ever remember before, and advised to continue under exercise on this account, and to carry it in the arms of faith to the dear Redeemer, who would, according to faith, heal all the wounds sin had made; the example was mentioned of the man who brought his son to Christ. I think I never doubted the power of the Almighty to perform this, and I trust the Lord will endow me with faith and prayer, suitable to His will.

12th Mo. 6th. About two weeks ago, I received a kind religious letter from my very dear brother, dated 22d of 9th Month, Chesapeak bay, in Virginia.

I was greatly comforted with this letter; it conveyed so much heavenly sweetness with it; but little did I think the dearly beloved writer of it was then numbered with the dead. Yes, my precious brother died of the yellow fever, about six days after it was written; and the sorrowful tidings of his decease reached me about five days ago. Ah! he was a most amiable youth, not 23 years of age. Snatched away from his beloved friend, and all the promising comforts which looked very flattering, and seemed to predict as much enjoyment as a christian need wish to have on this side the grave. But why do I reflect thus? Was it not the will of the most high God to call him away, not only from all earthly enjoyments, but also from all care and future temptation; and he has doubtless taken him to Himself, to enjoy everlasting repose, and such extatic joy, as the greatest comforts cannot yield in this vale of tears, where the highest satisfactions are mixed with care and divers perplexities.

Oh ! his memory is dear to me ; he was a most affectionate brother ; a steady virtuous youth, and has left a good character behind him, which none but the envious ever tried to blemish. O ! that the dear object of his tenderest affection may be supported to bear this close trial with resignation to the Divine will ; and may I also be enabled to bear this great loss with my other trials, and endeavour to act properly, should I be called to England to help to settle his affairs. O ! Lord, be near to direct me, for I wish to follow the dictates of thy counsel in all things !

SECTION III.

Events of 1802 and 1803.

Swir Island, 1st of 1st Month, 1802. Under much oppression and sorrow I sit down to write; yesterday also, I was so much affected that I could not get relief, till a plentiful flow of tears eased my burdened heart. I look around this large globe for comfort and find none; for my greatest earthly comforts are removed far from me. My precious brother, of late my greatest satisfaction, is now in another state of existence, enjoying, I trust, what is not to be found on earth; whilst I, his poor sister, am lamenting over my dreary situation, which his death has made much more so than it was before. May my heart more and more aspire after substantial joys; and, in the depth of humility and retirement, seek to serve, acceptably, the Lord and Father of my best life, who has also the natural life in his power; and can call for it when he sees best. O that the Lord may be near to help in this and other afflictions!

21st of 1st Month. After much lowness and sorrow, my heart feels a little comfort; and I

am, in some degree, enabled to cast all my sorrows and burdens on the Lord, who has hitherto sustained me. The quarterly meeting was held here this week, and was favored with the best visitant, even Israel's Shepherd, who condescended to visit his flock, and renew his love to us, who are unworthy of it. The ministers were enabled to preach the pure doctrine of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of the world, to the humbling of some hearts. One of them dined here to-day; and after dinner, in a little sitting, had to encourage a tried state whom she compared to Hager in her distress, who thought she was alone, but had afterwards to acknowledge: "Thou Lord see'st me." She also said that which Hager was most distressed about, the Lord restored to her, at a time when she could not expect it; often repeating: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

31st. A few days ago I had the news of the Christian's safe arrival in Liverpool, the rest of the crew returned well, which is a favor to them and their friends; and although none of them could leave more affectionate relatives behind them to mourn their loss, than my endeared and

truly beloved brother; yet I trust we do submit to the painful separation in obedience to the Divine will; and I hope his death may be a serious lesson to us; for what he now is, we may shortly be. I am informed that his intended bride has taken my brother's death so much to heart, that her health seems declining.

2d Month, 27th. I left Suir Island the 20th of this month, and, after a stormy passage of four days from Dublin, landed at Workington on the 27th. I came to Maryport on the same day, and met my sister E. Smith & all my friends well.

8th of 3d Month. My sister and I have been engaged in looking after our vessels, and our late dear brother's affairs; and it appears most likely to conduce to our advantage, and to the good of our young twin sisters, to keep the ship sailing. We have paid a visit to his endeared friend, who is like a forlorn widow, weeping the loss of her beloved. I hope she is a little better; and as she inclines to go to Thirsk when she is able, I intend to accompany her. Dear girl! she has our tender sympathy in her close trial—and we are all desirous to do what we can to mitigate her affectionate sorrow, for our much-loved brother.

26th. Since writing the above, I have been mostly engaged about worldly affairs. I have received some painful information. May I, who have been a great sufferer on this account, avoid all cause of doing despite to the spirit of grace, which, in great love and mercy, is placed in the hearts of all mankind.

O it truly acts as a consuming fire against all sin! I have felt it, and sorrowful to relate, very forcibly, since I last wrote in this book. May I ever attend to its monitions, and endeavour, in future, by watching and true prayer, to avoid suffering. It is this grace that causes the heartfelt sighs and tears of contrition for every degree of sin. O Lord, thou knowest my imperfections, and the multitude of my backslidings! Thou also knowest my great depression and penitence when I offend thy pure law, written in my heart. And O! most holy and merciful Father of purity and goodness! draw near thy afflicted creature, and if it be thy blessed will, forgive all past sins; strengthen me, by thy holy power, against the various sins and temptations to which we are by nature subject; for, O Lord! we are impure, and when we offend Thee, we are lower than the reptiles of the earth.

O Lord of heaven and earth ! make me, I pray Thee, holy in thy sight, by the means Thou may'st, in thy adorable wisdom, appoint; for I long to have a nearer union with Thee and thy dear Son, and all the redeemed in heaven; who continually sing of thy power, glory, and inexpressible goodness. O Lord, God ! hear the prayer which Thou hast begotten, and make my heart pure, that I may speak of thy goodness and mercy to the workmanship of thy holy hands !

3d of 4th Month. I have spent upwards of two weeks with my dear friends at Allonby. My intended sister appears to be recovering, though slowly. My mind has felt tolerably free from condemnation, and I am thankful for the preservation I have of late experienced. This world's care has felt heavy at times, I hope it will not choke the good seed, which ought to spring up and bear fruit to eternal life.

5th Month, 27th. The Christian sailed for Dublin eight days ago. My mind pretty comfortable until a few days back, when I had cause to reflect on myself for being desirous for some things, of which I have long been deprived. O

I am still very imperfect and impure, and not sufficiently clear in the sight of God, to enjoy unmixed peace! May I be helped to deny myself, and take up the cross to every impure word and action! And, O Lord! look over my imperfections and sins, and make me pure and holy in thy sight; for I do abhor myself, and lament that I am no better for all the kindness Thou hast in mercy bestowed on me, viz. thy light to see what is sinful, which also sharply reproves when not attended to. O! I need not that any man teach me, if I only attend to thy pure teachings. O Lord! although thy word is as a consuming fire, withdraw it not from me, but let it work, until all of a chaffy nature be consumed, and nothing but what Thou intendest to live, be left. O God, forgive me, for I know I am unworthy thus to plead with Thee, the Lord of life and glory!

Thirsk, 6th Month. 25th. My dear brother's intended bride and I arrived here, after spending a few days very agreeably at Penrith with my kind relations. We met with no accident all the way, and enjoyed the sweet satisfaction of viewing the admirable works of Providence, which are so magnificently displayed throughout

his wonderful creation, particularly so between Cockermouth and Keswick. Here, the surrounding high mountains, the beautiful intervening vales, and the smooth calm lakes, formed a most delightful scene; and brought to my remembrance these lines of Milton :

“ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
“ Almighty ! Thine this universal frame.
“ Thus wond’rous fair, thyself how wond’rous then,” &c.

About the 10th of this month, I had the company of my brother and sister Morris who had been at the yearly meeting in London. On the 20th, my sister added a sweet boy to her family, whom they name David Harris. On the 24th, my friend and I accompanied several others to York, to attend the quarterly meeting. In the evening we visited the cathedral, the loftiest and most elegant piece of architecture I ever saw. The curiously stained glass windows were well worth seeing, as were also some remarkably fine statues of white marble ; yet I felt some sorrow in seeing so much Popish superstition retained, in what is now a Protestant church.

Thence we visited the Retreat, a place built by Friends for such of our members as are afflicted with mental disorders ; and here we had the consolation of seeing every comfortable accommodation for such ; and we believe every thing is done to make the patients as easy as possible ; endeavours are also used, frequently with success, for their recovery from so trying a complaint*.

The meeting began, as usual, at ten o'clock, and the business was conducted and finished, in cordial love, on the following day at two. A reviving concern appeared evident amongst friends, that parents, and those who have youth under their care, should be cautious of allowing undue liberties in them, which the truth has led themselves to relinquish ; lest, by improper indulgence, their wills become hard to subject, when restraint is seen to be absolutely necessary. A meeting for worship was appointed at

* "A Description of the Retreat, an Institution near York, for Insane Persons of the Society of Friends," containing an account of its origin and progress, the mode of treatment, and statement of cases, by SAMUEL TUKE, with an elevation, and plans of the building, was published some years since, price 12s.

five in the evening, which, for about an hour and a half, felt painfully exercising. Several of other societies were present, for whom I was concerned, lest feeling the deadness and barrenness there was amongst us, caused, it was believed, by a too eager desire for words, and a neglect of inwardly looking and breathing to the Lord for help; these should say: "Where is their God? And I was jealous for the honor of the Lord God, and his truth, and humbly desired, for the sake of these, that the Lord would furnish his servants with matter suitable to the time and people. H. Tuke soon after stood up, and with power explained, that a true gospel minister, could not speak when he would; but only as the Holy Ghost gave him utterance, &c. and the meeting ended more comfortably than I once feared it might do. Praised be the Lord for it.

I mourned over my own poor state, feeling little of the incomes of Divine love, though pretty free from condemnation. May I live free from sin is my great desire, and thus when the Lord pleases to return, have a temple fit for his Holy Spirit to dwell in, that I may enjoy his Divine consolations, saith my poor, yea, very poor soul.

Thursk, 2d of 7th Mo. Yesterday I attended the monthly meeting at this place, which was a painful sitting. I felt much grieved on reflecting how the cause of truth has been injured by unqualified active members, who, from the uncharitableness of their dispositions, are incapable of judging with righteous judgment, which is not by the sight of the eye, or the hearing of the ear. Yes—I do believe these hurt the cause of truth more than open libertines. May the Lord fill my heart with his Divine charity, which is love; and without which, all other gifts will profit me nothing!

5th of 8th Month. Since last remarks, I have undergone a dangerous and painful illness, viz. an ulcerated sore throat, attended with a high fever, which confined me to my room about two weeks. I am now, through favor, restored, and have got out again to meeting, and a few miles into the country.

5th of 9th Month. My mind has been tolerably calm, and free from self-condemnation, as also from temptations, which afore-time attacked and distressed me; yet I have been poor and low in a spiritual sense, and have felt very lit-

tle of the consolations of devotion. This has, undoubtedly, been occasioned by neglect of inward watchfulness unto prayer; for I still believe that the Lord is good, and will not forsake those who truly look unto Him.

O! I do desire, if I settle in retirement at my native place, it may be blessed to me; and that I may really become a true and faithful servant to the God of my life, and of all real and lasting joy; and may also prove a good example to my sisters, whom I intend to take under my care. I know I am unable of my own strength to perform the desires of my heart, which are, to become pure, not only from all actual sin, but also from the desire after any thing of which it pleases Providence to deny me; yet I fully believe, if I ardently pray, when my heart is helped so to do, and watch the approaches of the enemy, I may at last arrive at such a state as to be enabled to say, in thankful commemoration of the Lord's goodness: "Sing, O ye heavens! and be joyful O earth! for the Lord, God omnipotent reigneth!"

We have visited the elegant park and pleasure grounds at Studley, as also those of Hack-

fall; and we yesterday spent a few hours agreeably in the country, which is likely to end our visits in this part.

16th. We left Thirsk on the 6th current, and after a long and fatiguing journey, arrived at Penrith on the following day, at four o'clock, and found my dear cousins well, and pleased to see us. At a meeting we lately attended, some of us were comforted after a friend had been led to supplicate, particularly for those who had tasted deeply of the cup of affliction, that their afflictions might be sanctified to them; and that their entire dependance might be on the Lord for spiritual and temporal food. My mind was somewhat comforted and encouraged, but still anxious about a near connexion. Lord! help me to bound my desires, for I am truly a poor creature.

Maryport, 17th of 10th Month. We left Penrith the latter end of 9th month, and came to Cockermouth in company with some relations. Attended the quarterly meeting there, which was favored and owned by Israel's Shepherd, to the humbling admiration of my heart. Thence I accompanied my dear friend to her

father's house; and her affectionate parents were glad to see her so much better in health. After staying with her a few days, I returned home, and have since been busily employed in fitting up our house for the reception of my twin sisters, whom I am daily expecting from Ireland.

My mind favored with inward peace, from a knowledge that I have not lately given way even to improper thoughts; thankful for the preservation with which I have been blessed, knowing my own weakness and inability to stand in my own strength. O! may it please the Lord so to preserve me, as that I may have peace with Him, which is before any earthly good; and the want of it more trying than any outward affliction, And O! if it please Him, may he bless this retirement to me and my sisters, and cause it to promote the end designed.

14th of 12th Month. I have spent many anxious hours about my sisters, whom I have been long expecting from Ireland. They were favored to get safely here about a week ago, and have made some progress in useful learning, &c. May they be so favored as to make much advancement in the school of Christ, which is to

be effected through self-denial and close watchfulness.

My mind pretty free from self-condemnation, and thankful for inward quiet and other favors, viz. food, raiment, and health; desirous of continuing free from sin, though poor and low in spirit, not having of late felt much refreshed by the consolations of the Lord's pure spirit on the soul, as in former years; but I wish to be content with the food that may be most convenient for me.

Maryport, 3d of 1st Month, 1803. My mind has been affected this afternoon in taking a retrospective view of past endearing scenes, which were succeeded by those of a contrary nature. The looking over and sorting of some old letters, has aroused those feelings which it would be easier to my poor mind, could they be buried in entire oblivion. Oh Lord! thou hast in days past supported me through bitter anguish of spirit, uncommon trials and disappointments in this world, and hast helped me to resign myself to all thy Divine dispensations, those wherein thy ordering providence was clearly seen. Thou hast also brought me to bow under those trials

occasioned by actions contrary to thy pure orderings. May I all my life long continue thankful to Thee for all the blessings with which Thou hast mixed my sorrows. O keep me near Thee to the end of my life, for I am a poor helpless creature, O Lord!

3d Month. I am thankful for preservation this last month, and trust it will again be vouchsafed, if I am but mindful to watch unto prayer. O Lord God! hear my inward cry, and preserve me alive unto Thee, notwithstanding my most tender joys in this world are taken from my sight; yet Thou canst, by thy love, supply all these losses. O Lord! remember me in thy loving kindness, and forgive the weakness and impurity of one of the least of thy servants. Thou see'st me, as I really am. I know I cannot hide one thought or action from Thee; and therefore I pray Thee to lend me thy aid to walk before thee and become perfect.

17th of 4th Month. My mind has been tried by my own unwatchfulness; truly my greatest enemies are these of my own natural inclinations, which I wish were entirely subdued; and that Divine things reigned more predominant

in my poor soul. Oh ! how I long, at times, to feel as I once did, the joy of expected happiness in another state of existence, and the nothingness of all worldly comforts in comparison thereof; but I am low and very weak, and can neither do nor think any good thing of myself, so that I need best help to support me through all trials.

15th of 5th Month. This day in meeting my mind was favored to feel sweet peace and thankfulness to the Lord; for the many favors bestowed upon me; and I looked back to the time when I had not a home on the earth, viewed the painful state I was in, and remembered that my trust was then only in the Lord; and gratitude arose to Him, who is faithful to all his promises. I thought that through all the pages of the sacred writings, we do not read of one individual who trusted in the Lord and was disappointed; and my mind was enabled to rise in sweet love to the Source of all true happiness, craving his gracious help to live according to his will whilst here, that when the awful voice is heard by the ear of the mind: "Time to thee shall be no longer," I might, in holy love and confidence be enabled to say: "Lord, into thy hands I

commit my spirit, in full belief that my soul shall join the hundred and forty and four thousand," who are before the throne of God, singing praises, eternal praises to Him who liveth for ever, and to the Lamb for evermore ! When this frail tabernacle of mortality mingles with the silent dust, grant, O Lord ! that this may be the case, through what means soever thou mayst be pleased to appoint, and draw my heart more steadfastly to thee, for thou art indeed the fountain of light and life ; and with thee dwelleth peace and everlasting joy, not to be comprehended by the natural man ; neither can we enjoy it, whilst we love any created object more than Thee.

Oh ! that my heart was wholly fixed on thy blessed will, that I might constantly serve thee in thought, word, and deed, and never swerve from thee, to the end of my life ; that my three great enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, were under my feet, and my soul strengthened to magnify thy great power, as on the banks of deliverance. O Lord ! thou hast given me faith in thy mighty power ; and if I fail not on my own part, I trust the joyful time will come, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, and all shall be swallowed up in thy

glory—thy unspeakable glory—O thou God of power!

15th of 6th Month. I have been afflicted with the account of my dear sister Ann Barker's death; she has been a kind sister-in law to me, and we have corresponded for several years. Believing she was fitted for the change, having led an innocent life, I feel quiet resignation to the Divine will, in calling her to blessedness; and I desire to be ready to follow her, when it shall please the Lord to call me from this dangerous state, so beset with various temptations and afflictions. My mind has been tolerably calm of late, and pretty free from temptation, but much stripped of the sensible feeling of the Divine presence.

8th Mo. 26th. My mind has been mercifully preserved from those hurtful passions which bring inward condemnation; but I have long felt low as to spiritual refreshments, and have feared I am further from the kingdom, than I was a few years back, when the heavenly visitation of the Most High, refreshed my drooping spirits, quickened my sight and relish of the Scriptures, and caused my otherwise afflicted

heart to rejoice in Him, whom I could feelingly acknowledge to be the God of my salvation; the health of my countenance, and my staff to lean upon in heavy sorrows.

But I have not cast away my confidence in his love and unspeakable goodness, hoping he may yet unveil his holy face, and cause the light of his glorious countenance to beam upon me to the refreshment of my hungry soul; and O that I may wait patiently his appointed time, which surely is the best time.

16th of 10th Month. Pretty much in my usual state, calm when I do right, and anxious when I suffer any thing outward to disturb me. I attended the quarterly meeting at Cockermouth, which was large. We were favored with the company of Wm. Jackson from America, and John Abbot from Plymouth, as well as several of our own ministers, whose labors of love will, I hope, be long remembered; but I did not feel life to arise into dominion, as in the former meeting held at that place. My mind is poor, and far from being able to worship the Father in holy and single aspirations to him; for I am apt to think too much about other things, and do

not feel all the wanderings of my thoughts laid still in meetings ; which is an affliction to me, as I wish to be, what I am not, holy and acceptable before God.

12th Month. My sister Esther has been confined about a month, in a nervous fever, and had very dangerous symptoms the first nine days ; she is now, through favor, recovered. My dear aunt, Isabella Harris and her family removed from Maryport a few weeks back, to the school at Ackworth. This removal has deprived me of one of my nearest friends. My mind is mostly poor and low, and little Divine comfort to be felt ; I am so very unworthy and cast down, that I much fear the work of perfection makes no progress in me. Oh ! that I was helped to rise above all sensible objects, to the only true and lasting good.

SECTION IV.

Events of 1804, 1805, and 1806.

8th of 1st Month, 1804. Another year has elapsed since we settled in this house; we are all favored with tolerable health, and so far with every necessary, for the comfort of the natural body, for which I feel thankful to Him who is the only sure friend of the fatherless, who trust in him. I ardently desire, I think, above all things, to be found holy in his sight; as much so, however, as the present state will admit, when aided by Divine light and strength; but my mind has been unusually low for many months, and I have felt like the poor publican who wrote upon his breast and said, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner." Indeed the great goodness of the Almighty to me, in my deepest sorrows, and the barren state of my own mind now, has given me cause to lament, and account myself unworthy of the favors I have many ways received. Oh! may the Lord be pleased to look on my weak and afflicted state, and comfort me with his Divine presence, giving me

strength to act in such a way as to feel peace in my own mind, and be ready to leave this world when the awful summons comes. O Lord! thou knowest that I feel no peace but when I dwell near thee, and take shelter under the shadow of thy wings. May my heart be wholly given up to thee, and drawn from earthly objects; and, O Lord, be near us this afternoon in meeting, whither we are just going, with an intention to worship thee. O most holy Lord God! assist us in this duty; for we can do nothing good ourselves, but are weak and sinful creatures, without thy grace and good Spirit.

3d Month, 11th. I seem just recovering, though slowly, from a violent bilious attack, attended with spasms and a nervous fever; which has confined me to my room for three weeks. My nerves were in so weak a state, that every thing of an unpleasant nature was magnified in my view, and that desirable peace I long to feel at all times; more especially in what I considered a dying hour; seemed fled, and I seldom had ability to pray or worship the Father of Spirits, which depressed me so much. Sometimes I hoped I might not be taken away, until, through great mercy, I could say: "Ready,

ready, ready, Jesus Christ, my Lord," as I feared I had not yet witnessed thorough redemption from every hurtful thing.

And now, as I am likely to recover, may it please the Lord to visit me afresh with the day spring from on high; to forgive all my transgressions, and grant me solid peace, for I always feel great condemnation for every thing which the divine light in my own heart disallows. O Lord! draw near me, if it be thy blessed will; and condescend to comfort one of the most unworthy of thy creatures. Remove this distress from my soul, which the withdrawing of the light of thy countenance occasions; and I will magnify and praise thy holy Name for ever. Oh! blessed and praised be thy holy Name; for thou wilt not leave, nor cast off for ever, those who trust entirely in thee. Help me, therefore, to rest under the shadow of thy wing, and to rely on the merits of thy blessed Son Jesus, who, on sincere repentance, has promised to atone for sinners, and I am doubtless one; but I will trust in thee, O God, and be at rest.

16th of 4th Month. Upwards of six months has elapsed since I have made any written re-

mark respecting my body or mind, neither of which has been in health long together.

I was about eleven weeks in recovering from the before-mentioned illness; and during this last month have had another severe attack of my bilious complaint, which has brought me low. Divine refreshment is, at present, withheld, and I am daily exercised on my own account, and that of a very near connexion. I long for that peace which the world cannot give, and for a lively hope of a glorious immortality with the saints in light; but I know this can only be obtained by entire holiness, and true obedience to every manifestation of duty the Lord requires. I feel so low, so worthless, and unworthy of help and comfort, that I dare scarcely look towards his holy temple, or keep quiet enough to seek his strengthening aid; and fears arise, from the loss of Divine support, that I have greatly offended, and shall be cast off, except the Lord, in his mercy, uphold and comfort my poor mind.

It is not by our own strength we are saved, but by his all powerful arm; Oh! that it may be stretched out for my deliverance. Surely,

O Lord, thou wilt yet help thy poor unworthy children to struggle with the troubles and temptations incident to this stage of being.

Oh Lord! withhold me from despair, and suffer not the enemy to prevail in this or any other way. Let not my soul be plucked out of thy holy hands. Give me cause to know that I am regarded by Thee; and draw my mind from earth, and earthly propensities.

11th Month, 14th. We have received an account of the wreck of our vessel, the Christian, outward-bound, on a voyage to Memel, which is a severe loss to us, as we had very little insured upon her. The crew escaped, though very narrowly, with their lives, which is a favor to them and their relatives. The commander of her is a first cousin of ours.

12th Month, 16th. I am, at present, in a very unsettled state, and know not where I am to go, nor what I am to do. I wish to trust in the Lord, who never yet forsook me, but I am low, and do not feel entitled to his holy help and fatherly care. Oh Lord! strengthen me, for I am weak and unworthy, and I cannot proceed

in the heavenly journey without thy help. O dear Lord and Saviour! have compassion on one of the meekest of thy creatures, who is "tossed with tempests, and not comforted." Make my mind cheerful with hope, and increase my feeble faith. O Lord! I am weak, but thou art strong. May it please thee to arise for my salvation.

5th of 5th Month, 1805. Since the last remarks, my mind has undergone various anxieties. I have been much tried about my youngest twin sister, who was applied for in marriage by a young man from Cork; her mind has been very much depressed for many weeks back, and her health injured from intense thought on the weightiness of the subject.

They concluded to go forward with their marriage at our last monthly meeting, and after his certificate had arrived, and other preparations were made, sister's spirits got so low, that we concluded it best to defer it a while longer. The young man is now here, and we are in a tried state to know what to do for the best. I wish not to tell about it, but to leave the event to the Lord. I have also all the worldly concerns of

this family to oppress me ; but although our affairs are quite unsettled, yet I am easier than I was a while back, when we feared to have lost one-third of our property that remained after the ship's wreck. We have got a part of it, and hope to get the remainder soon. Oh, what a world of trial and anxiety is this ! how various have been the scenes of my tribulated life ! How has one change and trial succeeded after another ; and one disappointment trod, as it were, on the heel of another. Crosses and vexations intermixed with these, make life indeed a heavy burden ; but in the midst of all this confusion, if we do but raise our grovelling minds to thee, O God ! we find a sure covert from the storms of this tempestuous state ; and a hope is raised that thy all-seeing eye penetrates into this afflicted abode of sin and pain, and a trust, from former knowledge of thy great goodness and mercy, that Thou wilt yet help thy children through all. Thou hast lately kept peaceful and supported me, through poignant sufferings, fears, and dismsays ; and O Lord God ! be but pleased to make me holy in thy sight, and then all other trials will be lighter than vanity. O be Thou pleased to have compassion on me, and succour me in sore distress ; for if thou, O

Lord! help not, woe is me! my soul will sink in deep discouragement. Cause my heart to be united to thee more and more, that I may praise and glorify thy worthy name both here and before thy holy throne, in an endless and happy eternity.

Maryport, 29th of 11th Month. Many great and very afflictive changes have taken place since the last written remarks. The continued low and afflicted state of my beloved sister's mind, occasioned her friend to return home without his intended bride. He left us in the 5th month, soon after which I set out for Thirsk with my sisters, in hopes that the journey might be of use to her whose mind seemed overpowered with intense thought. After we had been there about three months, I heard of my dear sister, Dorothy Taylor's decease, at Clonmel; and in about two weeks afterwards, my beloved sister, Elizabeth Morris, left her husband and four children to traverse this dreary desert without a wife and tender mother to smooth their path. She died with an excellent character, after having spent a useful and innocent life, and is, without any doubt, safely landed on that happy shore, where all sorrow and sighing flee away.

I received a letter from sister Jane, informing me it was my late sister's particular request, in her last illness, that I should take the charge of her dear children. I therefore, after taking a sorrowful leave of my beloved sisters in Yorkshire, returned here to settle our affairs.

Since my return, I have been greatly distressed to find that the slanderous tongue of fame has been adding to my other sorrows, by endeavouring to injure by character; but my innocence has proved a support; and my trust in the Lord has been my strength.

I am expecting to sail for Ireland in a few days, where I hope it may please an all-wise and all-merciful God to be with me, for truly I am a forlorn and tossed creature; and if Thou, O Lord! go not with me, I shall be poor indeed!

Clonmel, 13th of 1st Month, 1806. I have been on Irish ground about four weeks. I sailed from Maryport for Dublin, hoping to get across in twenty-four hours; but, like most of the scenes of my tribulated life, the wind rose strong and contrary; but after suffering much sea-sickness in a narrow confined bed for nearly

five days, we were favored to land safely in Cork. I spent a week with my old friends there, who were very kind.

Brother John Morris met me at Fermoy, and took me to his home, where I met my beloved sister's sweet children ; and my heart melted at the sight of them, and at the recollection of the love and sweetness I have enjoyed in their precious mother's society.

I find I love the dear children more than ever, and hope to be enabled to do my duty to them. Before I left England, my mind sunk very low, partly from a trying prospect of crossing the sea in winter, and going into a strange land again, after breaking up our comfortable habitation, and leaving my dear sisters in Yorkshire ; but it was chiefly occasioned by reflecting on the great unkindness I had experienced from some whom I had looked upon as my friends. I even felt more comfortable on ship-board, though the tempest howled around us, and the seas broke over the deck so violently, that the Captain once thought of running for Wales ; preferring David's choice of throwing myself into the Lord's hand, rather

than man's : I felt more resigned, more easy, and comfortable amidst the jarring elements, than under the lash of uncharitable tongues.

May I for ever trust in thee, O Lord my God ! who hast thus far protected and helped me, through almost every bitter thing : and, if it be well-pleasing to thee, do Thou now change the scene from anguish to joy ; from want of health to bodily strength ; from privation of many comforts both temporal and spiritual, to refreshments rare. O Lord ! say to my sorrow : " It is enough ;" and bring comfort to me in thy own way. Make my heart humble and thankful before Thee, and enable me to render thanks, honor, and praise to Thy holy name, both in adversity and in prosperity ! O Lord ! protect and preserve me in thy holy fear, which keepeth the heart clean ; and draw near to me with thy sensible presence, if Thou seest it best for me.

2d of 2d Month. Under a deep sense of my own great unworthiness, I take up the pen to remark on the occurrences of last month. The quarterly meeting was held here about the middle of it, and was, I thought, favored with

the presence of our King and Law-giver. Several ministers were enabled to stand up boldly for his name, and speak of his great love through the Redeemer. One of them held forth a noble testimony for the good old way, and was afterwards engaged in prayer, thanksgiving, and exalted praise.

My heart could, in a small degree, unite with her in the exercise, but my particularly low state, caused me not to rise, as I could wish, to that holy throne, where the spirit of purity sitteth. I yet feel my weak and helpless state, and the great need I have of a Saviour, to enable me to war with the weakness of the flesh; which, notwithstanding the willingness of my spirit, keeps me lingering on the heavenly road. O be thou pleased, most merciful Lord God! for the sake of thy beloved Son Jesus Christ, to strengthen me to overcome every disposition, and every earthly propensity, which thy Divine gift of inward light manifests to be evil.

O that I may live to bring glory to thy name! and may for ever dwell near thee, praising thy pure and glorious name, with those who have gone before me, in the immeasurable depth of a vast eternity.

“O Lord God! do not cast me off, but bring me to this state, what sufferings soever Thou mayst yet please to inflict upon me. Thou knowest I am unworthy to speak before thee; but I feel thy goodness, which emboldens me to seek peace with Thee; and to praise thee for every mercy past, and humbly crave for more; even the blotting out of my transgressions of every kind, as also for thy Divine help to set out afresh, towards the habitation of thy holiness. Thanks be to thee, O God! for present favors, both temporal and spiritual, for praise and high renown are only thy due; but blushing and confusion of face belong to thy creature man. O may I dwell near thee always, if it be only at thy footstool!

15th of 3d Month. My mind easier than usual on my own account, being enabled to say, in all present causes of affliction: “Lord, thy will be done,” only be thou pleased to draw me near to thyself, that I may witness thy protecting care—thy preserving power. Truly without thee we are nothing, and more unworthy than the brute creation; for unless we cause thee to forsake us, by our great disobedience, thou art a faithful Creator, willingly assisting

us with thy good Spirit, to become "a little lower than the angels."

27th of 4th Month. My mind has been comfortably preserved from hurtful inclinations of any sort ; and I have felt thankful to the Lord for this favor, as also for resignation to my various trials. About six days ago I was relieved to hear that my dear sister was better, and a hope entertained of her recovery. My heart in meeting to-day, blessed and praised the Lord for this kindness, and prayed for her restoration to us, if it was his blessed will, spontaneously uttering : " Praised be the Lord, and blessed be my rock," &c. feeling more sensible love and heartfelt union with the Lord God and Father, than I had of late been favored to do. May I ever dwell near thee, O God ! may I joyfully obey thy commands, and as willingly submit to thy appointed and permitted afflictions ; for blessed be Thou, O God ! my immoveable rock ! my covert from the storms and tempests of this agitated world.

If thou wilt but uphold me with thy love and durable mercy, I am content, " Take what thou wilt away ;" for while I have Thee, I am rich

with durable riches ; but without thee, I am poor, miserable and undone, even if I should possess all the transitory enjoyments of this present world. Therefore, O Lord ! lend an ear to my cry, and give and grant me my chief joy—thy love and favor. Cause me to walk before thee in humility, with a perfect heart, and to do that which is right in thy sight. Allow me to honor Thee in my life and conversation among men, that thy great power, goodness, and mercy, may shine forth by and through me, to the honor and renown of thy great and wonderful name !

And O Lord ! be with me in this life, through every painful as well as pleasing dispensation, which I may hereafter meet with. And, O most holy Father ! grant me, I pray thee, thy sweet, thy cheering presence, in the dark, the trying hour of death, whether it be late or early. All I ask is thy blessed presence, assuring me that I am thine by redemption, and that I shall be permitted, in an endless eternity, to sing praises—animated praises to thee, who art God over all, blessed for ever !

Salisbury, near Cork, 6th Mo. 25th, 1806.
We have inhabited this house about four weeks,

since which time I have been mostly engaged with domestic affairs. About ten days ago, I was in great anxiety about my absent relatives; not having heard from them for a longer time than usual. I have since been relieved to find that my dear sister continues better.

My mind poor and low, having felt little inward comfort of late. O Lord, thou art my God! in much weakness do I adore Thee, and I desire to love thee with an ardent and everlasting love. For thy great name's sake, be pleased to bring all my past sins into judgment, and grant me true repentance for every thing contrary to thy holy will.

30th. Calm and very free from anxiety, which I account a favor. O Lord! be with me, who am like a poor widow, or an exile from my dear native country and near friends. Be with them also, if it please thee, that we may separately serve Thee, and with united hearts adore and praise thee. O Lord! bear up my mind, strengthen and support me, for thou only canst. I have seen the emptiness and insufficiency, as well as uncertainty of all earthly enjoyments, and it is on Thee only I depend. I will rest sa-

tified in thy mercy, sufficiency, and providential care, to the workmanship of thy holy hands; particularly to thy own depending children, who know the need they have of Thee. O Lord, for the sake of thy dear Son, help me!

7th Month, 28th. I am now removed, by certificate, to this meeting, and have felt, of late, pretty calm and free from self-condemnation, which I account an unspeakable favor. If the heart be found upright before God, other trials are got over; but "A wounded spirit, who can bear?"

There is a principle within us, which powerfully condemns for evil, and shows unto man his thoughts, and what the Lord his God requires of him; and although it does burn inwardly as an oven, and is very painful in its operations, yet the well-disposed mind entreats for the continuance of it; until all that is sinful is done away. Who among you, says the prophet, can dwell with consuming fire, or with everlasting burnings? and the answer was: "He that walketh righteously, and speaketh uprightly," &c. And blessed be the Lord! he can preserve his own through the fire, so that

the flame shall not kindle upon them, and through the floods that they are not overwhelmed. O! who would not trust in the Lord, and have confidence in our God! for he keepeth covenant and loveth mercy; and is both now and for evermore worthy of all adoration and praise.

8th Month, 8th. We are now favored with the company and religious labours of Mary Prior, an elderly friend from England. She purposes visiting friends' families here, so that I trust, if it please her great and good master, we may be partakers of spiritual refreshment through her ministry; which, in meetings, has been encouraging and lively. We ought to consider such friends being sent to us, as a favor from the great head of our church, Christ Jesus, and to endeavour to follow the advice handed to us through them, as coming from the Lord.

I now remember that in 5th month last, a friend kindly came to see us, and we had a sweet opportunity together, which proved encouraging to my mind, at that time low and depressed on many accounts. He advised me to seek the Lord's assistance, in bringing up these dear

children of my beloved sister ; and said, a prayer was raised in his heart, that a double portion of her spirit might rest upon me, &c. He shed tears of sympathy with me, and begged that the Lord might go along with me, to help me through my weary pilgrimage; or words to this effect. I hope it may please the Lord to continue to preserve and support me; for I am unable to work out my own salvation, but as He is pleased to work, and I am made willing to co-operate with his workings,—his heavenly workings in my heart ; by which it can, in time, be cleansed, and made a fit temple for his infinite purity to dwell in. His infinite purity ! did I say, to dwell in my heart ! O how can we enough admire the condescension and love of God, who often has dwelled, and will continue to dwell with man !

17th of 9th Month. If we believe the Scriptures, we must know, that He who made the eye and ear, does assuredly see and hear all that is transacted in this world, which his own hands have made. Are we not told that not a sparrow falls to the ground without His permission ; and that the hairs of our head are numbered ? If even these small things are under his Divine

regard, how much more cause have we to expect that the good and evil actions of men are noticed, and every thing that will tend to their happiness or misery ; sickness and health, mental and bodily ; life and death in a particular manner : and, in most of the important transactions of our lives, we may easily trace a Divine finger. May I ever attend to its pointings ; for surely part of its nature is in the heart of man, let it be called by what name it may, and will lead to everlasting tranquillity, in the heavenly mansions, if but loved, believed in, and obeyed. O may the Lord keep, help, and preserve me through all, and bless me with his sweet presence, during my weary and afflicted journey through this vale of tears. I shall then be blessed indeed ! I shall not then fear death ; but my hope will extend beyond the grave. I shall see into the holy city, and while on earth, join the angelic anthem of " Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord ; great and marvellous are his works ; just and true are all his ways ; He is truly the King of Saints, Lord of Lords, and blessed for ever !

O draw near unto me, for I am poor and needy ; and lift up my soul to Thee, even to thy

holy habitations ; give me, if it be thy blessed will, a double portion of thy Spirit. Not that I want to appear great and good in the sight of men, but that I may enjoy Thee more, and praise Thee with my whole heart ; for I am not sufficiently animated in my love and praises of Thee ; I do not feel as I wish to be, entirely given up to love, obey, and serve Thee, thou God of love !

O Lord God ! my father, husband, and friend ! I am not willing to let Thee go, except Thou bless me. Thou knowest my heart, Thou knowest all my afflictions, and my sighs and tears ; and I trust in thy love Thou wilt yet bless me ; Amen.

28th of 10th Month. Since I last wrote, I have been extremely ill with an inflammation of the lungs, and violent pain in my right side, so that, at one time, I seemed in danger of losing my life. Through all, I was favored with calmness and resignation to the Lord's will. The distance from my own dear sisters felt the most trying thing I had to endure ; but I am raised again ; for what purpose I know not.

The Lord knows, and I rest satisfied to leave my soul and body in his gracious hands, hoping when death comes, He may make ready my soul to appear before Him; to love and praise Him for evermore, amongst all the holy angels, in the realms of eternal day. Grant this, O my God! and I will yet suffer any thing thou mayst be pleased to inflict, until Thou shalt say to my sorrow: "It is enough." O Lord, I am unworthy to speak before Thee.

16th of 11th Month. I am favored to continue recovering, and have been at meeting to-day at Cork. O may it please Thee, my God, to continue to bless me with a calm and peaceful mind, that I may daily feel thy heavenly influence, subduing and slaying every evil in my heart, until it become cleansed for the admission of thy Holy Spirit, that I may praise and glorify thy power. And oh! bless my orphan sisters, with that which makes truly rich, and brings no sorrow with it; that they may be thy own adopted children.

14th of 12th Month. This day I attended both meetings, which were much favored. A noble and lively testimony to the truth was borne,

which touched and affected my heart, so that tears flowed in gratitude and love to our great and gracious Father, whose mercies endure for ever. I parted, at the close of the second meeting, with one of my dear sisters, who has been spending a few days with us, to our comfort.

Last week we had an account of the wreck of my brother's vessel, himself and crew mercifully preserved, after having been thirty hours on a rock. May they remember the mercy of the Lord; and may I also remember it; for although my journey in life has been through a thorny wilderness, and I have been torn many ways, yet I hope I am under Divine notice, although low, and I trust, sensible of my own unworthiness.

O may it please Thee, most merciful and all-wise God, to forgive all my past transgressions, and give me peace in the midst of trouble; so that I may never murmur at thy dispensations to my soul and body; and O! keep me from all evil, that I may enjoy thy glorious presence, Thou holy and pure God, to whom glory, honor, and praise belong; but blushing and confusion of face to me, one of the weakest of thy creatures.

SECTION V.

Events of 1807 and 1808.

24th of 1st Month, 1807. I have had distressing accounts. I am now endeavouring to settle in calm resignation, after doing what I legally can to secure something against a future day. O Lord! Thou most merciful and mighty, and most adorable Being! before whom I am but as the drop of the bucket, or the small dust of the balance; before whom I durst not even bow, were it not for the knowledge of thy great love and mercy, to the workmanship of thy holy hands, which has been made known since the foundation of the world: at thy footstool I prostrate my whole heart. O Lord! I need not speak before Thee, for Thou knowest what I crave—it is thy love—thy mercy—thy preservation and support. Thou knowest I long for purity of heart, and for a willing, humble, and contrite spirit, that I may be found acceptable in thy Divine sight. Dearest Lord! shelter, cover, and protect me, and in thy own time and way, bless me.

28th of 2d Mo. 1807. My mind is at present calm, resigned, and peaceful; and a holy serenity covers it, for which I thank the Lord, knowing my own inability to attain to such a state, without His merciful aid. Blessed be His holy name! He enables me to look up to Him for help, and to rest in humble confidence on his Providential care.

O! I am unworthy of such favors! may I serve Thee from this day forward, with full purpose of heart; for truly Thou art worthy to be served, honored, and obeyed, now and for evermore!

Cork, 21st of 4th Month, 1807. Since the last remarks, I have been particularly engaged in moving from Salisbury to this place. I also attended the quarterly meeting held here last week. I feel very poor in spirit, and seem scarcely to have strength to cry: "Lord help me."

8th Month, 1807. Yesterday two ministering friends returned home, after having paid an acceptable visit to friends of this place.

On fifth day, one of them spoke many encouraging words, which seemed suited to my afflicted state, as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit, and as a wife of youth when refused what then most delighted; frequently repeating: "The Lord is thy Shepherd, thou shalt not want." She signified also that He who had borne up through many difficulties, vexations, and trials, would still help through remaining troubles to the end of time, and that such could say: "Thou hast led me through green pastures, and brought me beside the still waters; and thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I began to be unwilling to take any part of this encouraging testimony to myself, from a knowledge of my own unworthiness; but after meeting the friend came affectionately to me, and said it was for me, for she felt her heart warm towards me, whilst she was speaking. O this is an unusual favor! a favor I have not lately had administered, and it did coincide with my feelings at the time; for my mind was truly still, calm, and resigned, resting and trusting on the Lord my God; reflecting on his care over me, and support through so many trials; and particularly how I had been relieved

from the dread of impending poverty, after I had cast my care and dependance on Him alone ; so that I have now remaining what will keep me, at least above want. O it is good to trust in the Lord at all times ! for his power is truly above every power, and He can make a way, where we poor finite creatures can see no way. O I am unworthy of his merciful care and kindness ; yet I trust, from the peace and quietness I now feel, I am at peace with God, and am forgiven every sinful thing ; as I have deeply repented of all I have known to be evil in the Divine sight.

O Lord ! have mercy and compassion on me, thy poor, weak, depending creature, and assist my imploring spirit to ask only what may be consistent with thy holy will to grant ; for Thou only canst fathom the depths of futurity, and see what is best for thy own children ; yea, what will tend most to draw them unto Thee, thou fountain of all true delight, which shall endure for ever ! O Lord my God ! draw me to thyself ; cause my whole heart to be united to Thee, in a holy, unalterable union, never to be dissolved. And O my Father ! whilst I continue in this vale, wilt Thou not evidently bless me ? Wilt Thou not fulfil thy former promises

spoken by the mouth of thy servants, that my last days should be my best days? O Lord! unworthy as I am, I dare still entreat before thy merciful throne—for thy love—thy unbounded love—for thy spiritual and temporal blessings. There is no want in Thee; thou art all fullness and perfection.. May I bless Thee while I live! may I bless Thee when I die! and may I bless Thee through all eternity! Amen..

25th of 12th Month. My little charge here are well, and I have lately glided over a pretty smooth stream, though through a dreary land, as to social comfort; but I have been content, and have had tolerable health, for which favors I desire to return thanks to the Fountain of all good..

22d of 2d Month, 1808. Lord, thy mercies are without number, and Thou favorest the meanest of thy flock with thy cheering presence. When shall I render unto Thee gratitude for all thy benefits?

4th of 5th Month. After having arrived at some degree of contentment in my present un-

social allotment, I have lately met with trials, which have induced me to turn my face towards the dear land of my nativity. The thoughts of parting with the beloved children, has felt very painful; and as every fresh change brings its attendant suffering, I have been considerably a mourner for some weeks back.

Oh ! Lord, be Thou pleased to comfort my drooping soul, and re-animate my spirit to love and praise Thee for mercies past, and humbly to sue for more. Thou knowest I have no peace, when I disobey thy pure law written in my heart; therefore, O my merciful Judge ! take not away thy consuming fire, until it has done its work; for although it burn inwardly as an oven, it is only the stubble, the chaff, and the reprobate silver, which it can consume; for thy own precious wheat Thou wilt gather into thy heavenly garner.

'Thou knowest, O Lord ! my only God ! that I am sensible of my danger, and of the corruption of my own nature; and that I long for a state of thorough redemption from all impurity; so that I may look up to Thee in holy confidence, for a place of true rest. Therefore, in thy

wonted love, condescend to raise my poor soul, as out of the mire and clay, and to establish it on thyself. Thou adorable Rock of ages—Thou Saviour of the world—Thou Lord of lords and King of kings—by what name shall I address Thee? It is all one, since there is but one Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism. Thou God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who sent him as an effect of thy love to us! We will bless Thee for the favors received through his merits, as well as in divers other ways, for Thou art the Fountain of all good, and the giver of every good and perfect gift.

19th of 5th Month. The cause of my intended return to England has been removed, and I have therefore settled down again in my apparent allotment. My mind has been easy of late, and free from besetments; for which I am thankful. O that I may be helped to watch unto prayer; for we are indeed in jeopardy every hour whilst in this probationary state; so that we have need to be clothed with the whole armour of God, having on the breast-plate of righteousness, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation; having the feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and being armed with the sword of the Spirit.

O for this Divine clothing! grant it most gracious God! that I may stand firm on this sea of glass, mingled, as it were, with fire; and may be enabled to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked one; and, after having lived to give glory to thy great and wonderful name here on earth, may I rest in peace in thy everlasting kingdom, eternal in the heavens!

O dear Lord! in thy unlimited love and mercy, clothe me with thy righteousness and strength, to enable me to combat with every thing that would obstruct my entire union and communion with Thee, thou beloved bridegroom of souls! O suffer me! who am but a worm in comparison of the power I am addressing, to prostrate my whole heart before Thee, and implore thy gracious aid to remove every evil from my heart—to purify my inmost thoughts. I now dedicate my body, soul, and spirit unto Thee, resting in thy love and mercy for all past transgressions of thy pure law, deeply imprinted on the human heart; in taking heed whereunto, we may joyfully cry out: “Thanks be to God for this unspeakable gift!”

30th of 5th Month. Unspeakable as this precious gift is, of the light of Christ in the heart,

the instability and weakness of human nature is such, that if we do not constantly attend to its pointings of danger, its intimations of the necessity of inward prayer and vigilance; the unmortified part gains the ascendancy, and the flesh, which is weak indeed, gives way. Thus cause of deep sorrow is often administered to the unwatchful creature, whose poor soul longs and is willing to follow its guide; and can find no rest without an inward intimation of its peace with God. Yes—if the whole world commended, it would avail nothing towards this true peace, of which the real Christian cannot rest short. Such a one can feel with the eminent apostle, when he cried out: “O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?” And my poor depressed spirit craves this evening, to be, in time, enabled to exclaim: “And now there is no condemnation; for I am in Christ Jesus, and am enabled, through his love and mercy, to walk after the spirit, and thereby to mortify the deeds of the body; but discouragement prevails from a knowledge of my many backslidings. Help Lord! O help thy poor creature!

5th of 7th Month. Through the mercy of the Most High, my poor mind has, for some time

back, enjoyed a peaceful calm, having been preserved from hurtful things, yet it is low and depressed, and has enjoyed little sensible feeling of heavenly solace; but I wish to be content, whilst free from condemnation. Thou knowest, O Lord! that I am weak, and feeling my own unworthiness and liability to error. I am incited humbly to crave thy aid, to strengthen me to war with all the evils that are in the world, and in my own nature.

O the love of most waxeth cold, when iniquity abounds! may my love be renewed unto Thee, most holy God! for I dread a lukewarm state; I dread disunion from Thee. O be pleased to help me; —to bless me with spiritual blessings; —to make me acceptable in thy pure sight; and to give me an evidence of thy favor! then shall I presume to stand for thy name's sake, and to do all thy will. But, whilst under depression for remembered back-slidings, I dare not put my hand to the tottering ark of thy testimony, which, in this land, appears as amongst the Philistines; so that I sometimes wonder and query: "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" Yet thou canst do all things, mighty God! Kingdoms are in thy

hands. Thou canst set up princes, and pull down emperors at thy pleasure. Thou canst exalt the depressed, and humble the proud, who depend on their own strength, and give not glory unto Thee.

O be pleased to extend thy protecting arm over these nations, and suffer not the heathen to reign over thy professing people; who, though very unworthy of thy peculiar love, nevertheless profess to serve Thee; and numbers of them, Thou knowest, do serve Thee! Therefore, for the sake of these, keep the enemy far from us, and be graciously pleased to protect these islands, that the nations which are afar off may know that we have a God, who can save, by his own power, those who trust in Him; for He will have the glory, and to Him only it belongeth! Holy and reverend is thy name! Adoration and praise are for ever due to Thee, and to the Son of thy love, who died to save us: and may I, a poor unworthy creature, ascribe it, both now and for evermore. Amen.

21st of 9th Month. We were lately favored with the company of my dear father in law, who, after spending about two weeks here, went

to Clonmel, accompanied by his two granddaughters and myself, were we spent other two weeks with him.

My health is not so good as formerly, but I am better in that respect than I deserve; and my mind might be peaceful if I was more spiritual, and less earnest about the things that appertain to this state of being. I feel my own unworthiness, and am ashamed so often to record my unwatchfulness in this respect. O how weak is our nature, and how liable to wander from the true path. I have often, of late, remembered that saying: "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin;" and when any thing feels so uncomfortable to us, that we have not faith, we have been doing or thinking right, a repetition of these things must become sin in us, whatever they might be to others. Therefore I know I am a sinner, both through commission as well as through omission of my duty to God my Creator; for surely he should be in all my thoughts, my whole heart should be given up to serve Him continually; I should pray without ceasing, for his gracious aid, and should thank Him always for his continued blessings of various kinds. The preparation for prayer is of the

Lord; and I have no doubt but that my heart would have been oftener exercised after this manner, had not my own unwatchfulness and errors been a prevention.

I know that all my good deeds, which are few indeed, have proceeded from the help of the good Spirit of God, given me as a free gift; I can, therefore, confess, with Paul: "In my flesh dwelleth no good thing." Oh! why should man be vain, or ever allow pride to arise in his bosom; seeing that he has nothing which he has not received. Therefore, glory, honor, and high renown belong to the Lord, and adoration, thanksgiving, and praise are his due, and should be ascribed to Him for evermore, saith my poor humbled and unworthy soul. Amen.

25th. Still under depression of body and mind; the former from a slight bilious attack, the latter from deep contrition of soul, and reflections on my slow travel to the land of rest; like the door on its hinges, moving forward and backward, but getting no further. Oh! when shall I attain "to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God?" It is freedom from all evil, of every description, which I crave. Lord! al-

though I am unworthy to ask a favor at thy bountiful hand, yet seeing I am made sensible of my state, wilt Thou reject my petition, and, as it were, stop thy ears at my cry? O may thy help be speedily experienced, to the reviving of my drooping spirit. And be Thou pleased, in thy unlimited compassion, to look on my state, both in a spiritual and temporal sense, and grant me thy all-enlivening presence to cheer my gloomy path; "For in thy presence there is life, at thy right hand pleasures for evermore.

O Lord! I cannot cast away my confidence in Thee, notwithstanding my repeated neglect of duty to thee, Thou ever-adorable God! whose compassions fail not, and whose mercy endureth continually. O blessed for ever be thy all-conquering power! and extolled eternally be thy mercy and compassion to poor fallen man, who has no merit of his own, but, whose only strength is in Thee! May I, sing thy praises for evermore! Thy praise, and that of the Son of thy love only can fill the hearts of angels, yet Thou hast made man. "But a little lower than the angels, when clothed with thy Spirit. Oh! be pleased to clothe me with thy

heavenly Spirit, that I may, with an acceptable voice, "Speak thy praise."

11th of 11th Month. Nothing very particular has occurred relating to my own state, for, although I have been generally calm and peaceful; yet very little sensible consolation and enjoyment has been permitted; and I have frequently felt desirous for more earthly comfort, as well as spiritual refreshment, than appears to be allotted to me; yet I wish to wait patiently the Lord's time, and have again and again to seek for resignation, and to crave for strength to be preserved through all; but the lowness and leanness I daily feel, is discouraging, and produces deep abasement of spirit, so that I can scarcely cry: "Lord help me." We have been lately tried, in the removal by death of a near relation, who was carried off by a typhus fever. He had come to settle here, intending to follow his profession of physician; was but 26 years of age, the only son of his widowed mother, and a promising young man; but all was soon at an end with him in this life, his race was short; yet we hope he is at rest.

26th of 12th Month. Under deep depression and sorrow of heart, I record my state of mind,

and lament over it; for surely in days that are past, more peace flowed, and the light shone brighter on my head; and I could, more effectually, lift up my soul to the Fountain of all true delight. O that I were free from all self-condemnation, and that I could rejoice in victory over all my soul's enemies. Lord! I am confounded, and cannot, with confidence, implore thy aid, because I am sensible I do not merit it. Canst Thou notice the wants of such a creature as I am? Or wilt Thou, in mercy, have compassion on me, who so frequently errs? But I need not explain what I feel to Thee, thou all-knowing God? Thou seest me as I really am; and if it be consistent with thy will, make haste to help me, and to place me in such a situation, that I may say: "I lack nothing that is needful for me;" and can bless and praise thy holy Name, in pure peace of mind.

SECTION VI.

Events of 1809 and 1810.

Cork, 19th of 2d Mo., 1809. I was indisposed during the time our quarterly meeting was held here, so as to be prevented attending any sitting of it, except the parting one, which was much favored by our compassionate King and Saviour.

I have lately had renewed uneasiness on my dear sister's account, hearing she had had a return of her old complaint. She is a favorite sister, every way likely to excite admiration and love, besides having been some years under my care. I felt, in addition to a sister's love, that of parental affection and solicitude for her welfare, in every respect ; but deep and hidden are the ways of an all-wise Providence : he administers most unexpected and painful trials to us his creatures, and blasts all our flattering hopes ; ~~yet~~ it would be impious to murmur at his will. I trust I never did, although poignant indeed have been the trials allotted me ;

and I have, of late, wondered at my composure under them, so that contentment has been my cheerful portion.

The great distance we live from meeting, and my frequent prevention of getting there, from the wetness of the weather, is the chief uneasiness I have, as to the outward. But thou, Lord, knowest the heart, and will judge, in thy mercy, all thy poor creatures. Ah! we need thy holy clemency, as well as intercession, most adorable Saviour, for we very frequently err from thy pure law written in the heart. O! be pleased to favor me with thy life-giving presence, that I may rejoice in Thee, and adore Thee, in the beauty of holiness; and praise thy wonderful power. Wonderful indeed it is! for it not only convicts of sin, but excites and gives power to cry for forgiveness. It also supports through every trial; making hard things easy, and bitter things sweet, and gives faith in future rewards, so that the humble and obedient may look up to heaven for their everlasting comfort, when time here shall be no more! O most holy Father! impress these things more deeply on my heart, and, above all things, let me rejoice in Thee. Let me have an unshaken hope, that

Thou art with me, and that Thou wilt, at last, receive my spirit.

O my God ! draw my soul to thee ; draw me, and I will endeavour to run after thee. Suffer me not to fix my affections on this delusive world, or to look for any real comfort but in Thee. I have seen the world to be altogether uncertain in every respect, even in its love and in its friendships. For thy mercy's sake, establish me on thyself, Thou everlasting Rock of ages, and Fountain of every virtue. Teach me diligently to seek Thee, and the righteousness of thy kingdom ; and then Thou hast promised that all things necessary, thou wilt add. Above all, make my soul bless thy holy name here upon earth, and through the endless ages of eternity, joyfully to sing thy praise, for Thou art worthy to be obeyed, honoured, and adored, with the immaculate Son of thy love, and to have all glory ascribed for ever !

25th of 3d Month. I have been mercifully preserved from temptation, and have enjoyed contentment and peace, for which I desire to be thankful. As to the outward, I have been moving on in my old track, teaching and in-

structing these dear children to the best of my ability.

The vessel of a relation has been captured by the French, in coming from St. Ubes; but he himself has got home. This is a great loss to him and his friends. How uncertain are earthly goods of all kinds, subject to loss by fire, water, war, &c. Do they not make themselves wings and fly away? May I and others then "Lay up our treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

18th of 6th Month. Blessed for ever be the name of my God; who has, in his unutterable kindness, preserved me near Him; so that I have had no self-condemnation, which exceeds all other woe; as it takes away our confidence in holy help to support through inferior troubles, with which this state abounds. 'Oh! How unworthy am I of thy gracious love, Thou ever adorable God! Help me, from day to day, to walk in thy fear, which keeps the heart clean; for Thou knowest I do not wish, wilfully, to offend Thee; but have often erred through unwatchfulness, so that I have concluded myself

below the brute creation, who have neither reason nor grace to direct them, whilst I have both from thy bountiful hands.

Lord ! Thou art clear from the blood of all ; and if we are destroyed, our destruction is of ourselves. O be Thou pleased to watch over me, that neither the world, the flesh, nor the devil, may pluck me out of thy holy hands, and cast me into the pit of perdition ! But oh ! most mighty God, to whom all power belongeth, both in heaven and in earth, draw me to thyself ; that I may love Thee above all visible things, and honour thy name whilst here, and in the hour of death ; and afterwards, through all eternity, sing thy unspeakable praise, with the redeemed multitude who are before thy throne, of every nation, tongue, and people. So let it be, Lord God Almighty, my adorable King !

My mind has been pained by accounts of failures in business, which have brought great discredit upon the society. I have felt much for divers who have suffered on the account ; and I have wished that the danger of going deeply into commerce, might be impressed on the minds of the rising generation, that they might

dread the snare, and save themselves from being "Pierced with the many sorrows," which those who "Make haste to be rich," so frequently feel.

O that we may look oftener back to our worthy elders, when our society was first gathered! Were they not punctual in fulfilling their engagements? Did they ever run the risk of their own or other people's property, so as to endanger their credit, or that of the society to which they belonged? Were they not content to live in true simplicity, rather than to owe any thing to any man but love, which abounded in their hearts to all mankind. Now, in some commercial towns, many of our members have the character of exceeding the people of other professions, in the artfulness of selfishness. O I hear it frequently; and I am jealous for the honour of our valued society, which was so highly favored and dignified for many years. Now the gold has become dim, and the fine gold is changed, baser metals are mixed therewith, and the truth has been evil spoken of, through the disorderly walking of many under its name. O Lord! rather cut short my days, than suffer me to dishonour thy truth! And, if it be consistent with thy

will, arise for our help, and qualify those whom Thou wilt see fit, to make up the breaches in the walls of our Zion, which are, Thou knowest, in many places broken down, and trodden underfoot, that Jacob may yet arise and become an honour to thy great name, which is for ever worthy of renown and lasting praise.

19th of 7th Month, 1809. Until within a few days back, I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace with my God, of which I judge by the quietude or disquietude of my mind. The former results from strict obedience to Divine grace, manifested in the heart; the latter is the constant attendant on unwatchfulness, which opens an avenue to my soul's enemies, and gives strength to desires of a perishing nature. This fills the soul with sorrow and deep abasement; so that humiliation and depression is my present portion.

O Lord! I am unworthy of thy help; yet I cannot subsist without it. My soul will die, if Thou denies thy gracious aid. Forgive, I pray Thee, my many infirmities! My many weaknesses! And compassionate my solitary situation; my want of social and relative endear-

ments. But, if Thou see meet still to keep me in this state, O help me to live solely to Thee, and to lose all other desires in unbounded love of Thee, thou everlasting God ! for truly "Thou art the health of my countenance, and my God !"

30th of 7th Month. I may, with humble thankfulness record, that I have been favored with constant peace of mind since the last remarks, and inward breathing for preservation from all evil. O my God ! increase my love to Thee, and thy righteous cause on earth ; but first redeem me from all the corruptions of my evil nature ; the love of the world in all its disguised shapes, and the violence of my various passions, and make me meek, pure, and humble, like thy beloved Son, our holy head, and glorious pattern !

We yesterday had the company of a solid minister, but he did not stay long in this city, or labour much amongst us. We are poor and needy in this meeting, and require both immediate and instrumental help. O Lord ! we know we have sinned, and have, in many instances, forsaken and neglected thy holy laws ; but be Thou pleased to awaken us to a general sense of our

state, and renew a right spirit within us ; cause us to keep all thy commandments in sincerity and truth ; and let us not as a body, be a dishonour to thy great name, which we profess to be our rule and secret director. Separate, O Lord ! between the precious and the vile ; and if but a little flock are left, may the remnant live to thy glory, and hear the animating language : “ Fear not, little flock ! it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” And, O Lord ! may I be of this little flock, though the most abject of it, and the least worthy of thy regard.

8th Month, 9th, 1809. My mind has, of late, been mercifully preserved from some temptation which formerly beset, so that with little exception, I have been peaceful and free from remorse ; but a sadness has covered my mind on learning, through the naval list, that a very near connexion has gone out on an expedition to the coast of Holland, from whence a severe cannonading was heard when a provision ship left the coast. My reflections on this subject have been painful, not knowing the event ; but I am still resigned to the will of my God. Lord ! may thy will be done in and through me, may I bow

before Thee in reverence, and pour out my supplications before Thee ! for my soul is sad, and longs to be comforted by Thee, its only Comforter. Arise for my encouragement, and bless thy poor humble creature, “ Who has none in heaven but Thee, nor in all the earth, in comparison of Thee ;” for “ Thou art the health of my countenance, and my God.”

My feelings are depressed with something like approaching sorrow. Is sorrow at hand ? Is affliction coming again to my dwelling ? Howbeit I will trust in Thee, my Preserver—my Strengtheners—my present help in every needful time. O my King ! I will sing praises unto Thee, in the midst of wo ; I will make melody in my heart unto Thee ; which the world knoweth not of. Thou art a blessed, invisible Spirit, and makest thyself known in the secret of the heart, or how should I rejoice, in secret, in thy presence ; yea, solemnly rejoice, and bow my heart, and shed my tears, as I do this day. They are not bitter tears, nor tears of affliction : they are tears of gratitude and love. O Lord ! support me through each succeeding trial, and preserve me to the end of my life, that I may die in Thee, and be blessed in eternity ; for

ever hymning thy unspeakable praise, for Thou art alone worthy of praise, in time and in eternity, thou inexhaustible Fountain of all good. Amen.

28th of 10th Month. I returned home two days ago, after attending our quarterly meeting at Waterford, which was eminently owned by our merciful High Priest. The ministry went forth in a powerful manner through one who had close things to deliver; yet some were thankful she was enabled to speak the word in sincerity. Another friend gave in her report, of having been enabled to perform the work for which she had received a certificate about six months before; viz. to visit friends in some parts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The humble manner in which she expressed herself, and the acknowledgment that best help had been vouchsafed in the needful time, were sweetly instructive and encouraging.

11th of 12th Month. Many sorrows encompass me about, and depress my spirits; earth has few comforts left at present; and I would fain pour out my soul to Thee, whom I crave for my judge, and not man. O most merciful

and wretched! Father! see'st Thou not my condition in every respect; and, in thy wondrous love dost Thou not compassionate it! Thou art my only refuge in time of trouble, my strong hold in the day of adversity. I put my whole trust in Thee for comfort in time and in eternity. I pray Thee to bless my soul with spiritual blessings, and to make it a fit habitation for thy Holy Spirit to rest in; that I may yet bring glory to thy name; that I may yet praise Thee amongst mortals.

O renew thy heavenly visitation to my poor soul, and cause it to discover the things appertaining to thy glorious kingdom! Grant me a fresh taste of thy unspeakable love, to animate my drooping spirits, and preserve me from all evil! Thou knowest I am sensible I have no strength of my own, but must rely on Thee for renewed help to bear up, through all the trials and besetments, evil surmisings, &c. which I meet with in this dark and deceitful world.

In the absence of earthly "Love and friendship," be Thou my only joy, for Thou art truly "The chiefest of ten thousand;" and canst rejoice the heart more than earthly love. When Thou deignest to grant thy favor, it is solid

happiness; it is a foretaste of durable pleasure—pleasure which brings no sorrow with it, but our best comforts here are fleeting and momentary, whilst we enjoy we dread the loss of them, we know that we hold them in uncertainty, and feel that they cannot satisfy that part in us, which lives for ever.

I have thoughts of returning to England in a few months. O Lord direct me in all my movements. Mayst Thou bless me, if I go; mayst thou open my way clearly, and provide for me in temporals, as well as in spirituals. I will trust in thee, my King! I will put my whole confidence in Thee! O never let me doubt thy power and love, and thy superintending Providence! Unworthy as I have always been, I must trust in Thee or despair. I have no alternative, Thou hast hitherto been bountiful; and I have never lacked needful things as to the body. O my God! regard my situation and bless me; if it be thy blessed will!

Since the last remarks, I have received an account that, on the 16th of 8th month, the object of my deepest solicitude was taken prisoner by the French, and conveyed to Havre de

Grace, whence he expected to be conveyed further into the country to Verdun. I felt considerable sorrow at this intelligence, as well as before ; but I did not then know why, and was more solicitous for him, at or about the time this event happened, than I had been for some months before.

Cork, 1st of 1st Month, 1810. With a grateful heart, animated by the cheering influence of *hope*, I begin this new year. May it not be that phantom which has so often deceived me ; but the real intimations of that inspeaking word, which is about to say : " I have seen thy tears, I have heard thy prayer." Oh ! most merciful and benignant Father, thou wilt not afflict for ever ; but wilt at length say to my sorrow : " It is enough." May I for ever adore Thee in purest love, and see thee in all the events of my tribulated life ; and whilst I trace thy providential hand in and through all, may I bow in humble reverence before thy throne, and acknowledge that Thou art worthy to be trusted in, loved, honored, and obeyed, from generation to generation ; for thy goodness is indeed unspeakable, and thy ways are past finding out.

Oh ! who would not fear thee, O Lord ! and magnify thy name ? Thou hast preserved me from evil, my gracious King ! Thou art upholding my soul, and causing it to take fast hold on Thee ; and O ! be pleased to continue this unmerited favor, and sustain me by thy power ; for I have no might of my own, but am corrupt and vile, when unassisted by Thee, thou Almighty God ! O how greatly am I indebted to Thee, for all thy merciful goodness, in passing over my many backslidings ; in keeping me from sinking in despair, when the waves of affliction rose high, and in never allowing me to lose confidence in thy promises, and in thy providing for my temporal support.

Thou hast indeed been my Shepherd, and I have not wanted. O ! continue to watch over me, and to feed me with such spiritual and temporal food, as Thou, in thy omniscience may see best for me ; and, above all, never let any thing pluck me out of thy holy hands ; that when time is no longer mine, I may eternally sing thy praises, in the regions of uninterrupted bliss ; may behold thy glorious face in extatic joy, and be mingled with those who have come out of *great* tribulation, and have washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb.

Dublin, 14th of 3th Mo., 1810. A long time has elapsed without any remark as to my spiritual or temporal situation, although considerable changes have taken place in both. From the 1st month, I was busily employed in fitting out my nieces and myself for leaving Cork, as I fully believed the time near for my liberation from the care and tuition of them. We left Cork accordingly on the 26th of 3d month, and I continued at Melbrook, with my brother and sister, I. & J. Jacob, until the latter part of 4th month, during which time, I attended the quarterly meeting held at Clonmel. It was eminently favored. The flow of lively gospel ministry ran sweetly through several, in testimony and in supplication. I left my nieces, A. and M. Morris, under the care of their aunt, and reached Dublin the 26th ult, where I attended the yearly meeting, to my satisfaction and instruction. I am now waiting for a fair wind to waft me to my native shore, and shall leave my niece, E. Morris, under the care of another aunt. It has felt trying to part with these dear children; but their being under good care, and the desire to see my beloved sisters, together with some other circumstances, have reconciled

me to the separation. May the Almighty bless them, and make them his own adopted children.

Maryport, 2d of 6th Month. I sailed from Dublin on the 19th ult. and landed here on the 21st, where I found all my friends well. My heart feels oppressed this morning on my own account; and I have desired, though in a feeble manner, that the Lord might preserve me in his holy fear, and bring me into a state of acceptance with Him; so that whether I live or die, I might be his, and praise him, for He is worthy thereof.

Thirsk, 13th of 8th Month. After spending a few weeks at Maryport and Allonby, I set out for Penrith, where I visited my relations. Brother W. Taylor and his bride (a native of Limerick), arrived at Penrith whilst I was there, and I accompanied them to the beautiful lake of Ulswater. Thence I arrived safely at this place, which I consider the end of my long journey, and I found my dear sisters, Eliza and Deborah, well. We were mutually glad to meet once more, after so long a separation; but the reflection that our dear sister Esther could not partake with us, cast a damp

over our joy. This I sensibly felt in my sitting down in meeting the morning after my arrival.

24th of 9th Month. Since last remarks, I have spent a few days at York. I spent one day at the Retreat, and saw more of it than heretofore, which humbled my heart in gratitude to the great Giver of every good, for putting it into the hearts of his people to provide such an asylum for his afflicted creatures. My spirits have been depressed for the last three weeks, on account of some gloomy prospects and occurrences, the account of brother W. Taylor's critical state of health; not one of the least. Calm respecting myself, though very poor in spirit.

May I be preserved from all evil in thought and deed. I feel my body weak, and unable to move without fatigue, though there is no apparent cause for it. May I be ready to meet any change that may be approaching. I have had no account from my friends in Ireland for nearly three months; and have been anxious about them. O Lord! fix my mind more on thee.

North Shields, 12th of 10th Month. Soon after writing the preceding, I received an ac-

count that my brother W. Taylor died on the 26d ult. and sister Eliza and I came here to the interment. How affecting was my entrance into this house; my dear father and family all in sadness, and sister Susanna shut up in her chamber in deep affliction, lamenting the loss of her beloved! I then took a view of his lifeless body, which was beautiful even in death. My spirit sympathized with the mourners, and I mingled my tears with theirs. My sorrow was greatly augmented from recollection of the many painful changes in this family since I first came into it, upwards of fifteen years ago; the sight of the house where I once dwelt with my husband and babe, and the remembrance of all the joys and anguish I had felt there, revived, in degree, so that I wept again my own widowhood.

SECTION VII.

Events of 1811 and to her decease, 14th 2d Month, 1812.

Thirsk, 6th of 1st Mo., 1811. I returned here on the 2d instant, after spending about ten weeks at Shields, and four weeks at Sunderland with my kind friends, Solomon and Jane Chapman. During my late excursion, I fell in company with divers valued friends, on a religious visit to these parts, and I passed my time in peace; except some little agitation at an unpleasant occurrence. O how unmerciful is man to man! how widely does he often deviate from the golden rule; and how rashly does he judge his fellow! prejudice is let in, without examination of the party; and the character, which is more valuable than gold, taken away without mercy. Lord! keep me from this sin, whatever I may have suffered from it; let me not be guilty of it, but be tender of the reputation of all; especially of that of my near relations. And O blessed Lord Jesus! my only righteous and just judge, may it please Thee to plead my cause; be Thou my advocate and merciful

Mediator with the Father, who, for thy sake, forgives the unholy who are contrite in heart, and wish, above all things, to live in thy fear, and to serve Thee in uprightness of heart. O that I was more united to Thee in spirit, and less dependant on this deceitful world; for the more I see of it, the less it appears worthy of my regard.

Thou knowest, O Lord! that my path has been as through a dark howling wilderness, beset on all sides with briars and thorns, and threatened as with the wild beasts of the forest; and, that through all, Thou hast been my confidence, my only consolation, and glorious hope. O be pleased to renew this hope day by day, and never take away my confidence in thy help! that my consolations may still have their source in the same inexhaustible Fountain of unspeakable goodness. And, if it be fully consistent with thy will, own me with thy favors on this side the grave; bring about those last and best days spoken of by thy servants; not that I am worthy of them, but for the glory of thy superintending Providence; for I have nothing to speak of but infirmities and proneness to evil, and no good but what I receive from Thee; so

that all the praise and glory of every good deed should be ascribed to Thee, to whom it hath belonged and doth belong, and will do for ever!

3d Month, 11th, 1811. I have been moving on pretty much as usual, my body not in perfect health, and my mind low but placid, being free from condemnation, as to any late actual sin; but I seldom feel ability to aspire to the Fountain of all true joy, especially in meetings. Sometimes when my hands have been employed at work, the touches of the Divine finger have been felt in secret, and my heart thereby prepared to crave the blessing of preservation, as also to say: "O Lord! I love Thee!"—but privation has been mostly my state; and, at times, a dreary retrospection has depressed my spirits, with a view of my temporal situation, compared to that of most within the circle of my acquaintance. I wish, however, to suppress any thing like murmuring, for the Lord knows what is best for us, and can make a change when he pleases.

5th Month, 28th. I am just recovering from another severe attack of illness, for which I underwent almost every reducing means, generally

in use. I had not been well for several preceding weeks, restless, drowsy, and inanimate, which depressed my spirits, as it disqualified me for meditation ; for when the body is afflicted, it weighs down the mind, and when the mind is depressed, it disorders the body ; so near a union subsists between this mortal clog and the immortal Spirit. O ! that the latter may be prepared to take its flight in a moment's warning, whenever it shall please Divine goodness to fix it where pain and sorrow never come.

My mind has been peaceful on my own account, and free from anxiety respecting my friends and nearest connexions. How different is this state to that of the anxiety, often amounting to anguish, which I underwent for twelve years ! Lord ! this must be thy doing, for it is marvellous in my view, as also the preservation from evil, I have of late experienced.

O Lord my God ! be Thou my guardian and protector to the end of my life.

As to the outward, an aunt is in affliction for her only child, supposed to be lost in his passage from Quebec to England. I have also

heard of the death of several of my old acquaintances in Cumberland; and that, to an old neighbour, blindness is dispensed; so that in looking around, we see all have, in their turns, a portion of this world's legacy—trouble. “In the world ye shall have trouble, but in me peace,” said the lips that never deceived. O it is thy peace and heavenly power, my gracious Saviour, which I now feel tranquilizing my bosom and humbling my heart! May I repose entirely on the bosom of my Redeemer, now and for evermore!

21st of 9th Month. A long time has elapsed without any written remark. About the 10th of last month, I took my nieces, A. and M. Morris, to the school at York. I have since spent two weeks agreeably at Niddersdale, at the house of a friend, under whose peaceful roof I felt kindness, innocence, and humility to dwell; have since been better in my health, though I do not feel myself so well as when in Ireland.

Lord! be thou my guardian and guide, my friend, and father, for Thou only art unchangeable, and full of compassion, knowing the heart. O redeem mine from all iniquity, from every

dreg of sin, and cause me to love Thee more and more, to worship Thee in the temple of my heart, in the beauty of holiness. And () teach me to do justice to my neighbours! if I judge them, to do it in charity; if I speak of them, to remember the golden rule: "To do as I would be done unto;" so that I may prove myself to be one of thy followers, one who has learned of Thee to be meek and lowly of heart, Thou glorious God! and pattern of every virtue, to whom be glory and praise for evermore!

21st of 10th Month. I attended the quarterly meeting at York, which was much favored with the presence of Heavenly goodness, so that it might be said: "His banner over us was love." My health is but middling, my spirits easy and free from that poignant anxiety which so long destroyed the sweets of life; but I have no sensible joy; my feelings seem in a dormant state; yet I trust my spirit breathes a wish for the notice, protection, and favor of my God. And O what a favor it is that God is a Spirit, and knows our inmost and feeble aspirations, when unknown to mortals.

Draw me, O Lord! and I will run after thee; make me wholly thy own, and wean me

from this deceitful world. How do we see deceit abound ; dissimulation and many other dispositions of a nature contrary to thy pure truth ! but O ! nothing but the truth will stand. May I ever dwell here in safety :

“ Then winds and waves may roar,
And elements contend ;
People can't grieve me sore,
If God be but my friend.”

O keep me from sin, my gracious Preserver, whatever afflictions I may yet need. O keep me from sin, and then I can look up to Thee with humble hope, for a place of rest, when this mortal shall put on immortality, and all the troubles of time shall be swallowed up in thy unspeakably glorious presence.

11th of 12th Month. My health continues delicate : I have long had a difficulty of breathing, now a cough troubles me, but it is better than it was. I have many comforts to be thankful for. My mind is poor, free from condemnation, but enjoying no sensible feeling of joy, faith, or hope.

Lord ! keep me in all states from sinning against Thee ; keep me in the night season as

well as in the day ; in the summer as well as when all delightful objects vanish, as in the winter season ; and cheer my drooping soul, as well as strengthen my weak and frail body ; so that both soul and body may perform their duty acceptably to Thee, who made both for a purpose of thy own glory. Amen !

Lord ! look upon my low estate, and re-animate my body, soul, and spirit. I have no greater joy than thy presence, and no greater sorrow than thy displeasure, secretly felt in the heart. Lord ! thou delightest in upholding thy feeble ones, in showing thy strength in weakness.

Shall my feeble aspirations reach thy throne ? Shall the needy cry unto Thee, and Thou wilt not hear ? No Lord, for thy compassions fail not ; Thou art all love to the humble in heart !

C O N C L U S I O N .

The last memorandum was written about two months previous to my dear sister's decease, and it will be observed she mentions being troubled with a cough and difficulty of breathing. This trying complaint increased, during the following month, to so great a degree, as to produce a violent paroxysm of the asthma. Medical assistance was procured, and every reducing means resorted to, generally in use; which, in a few days, appeared to afford a little relief.

We now began to flatter ourselves with the pleasing prospect of our dear sister's restoration to health ; but alas ! it was ordered otherwise. Her complaint afterwards assumed a dropsical appearance, and she was finally seized with an apoplexy, which deprived her of the use of speech, and, in three days, put a period to her life.

She bore extreme bodily suffering with uncommon patience and fortitude; and whilst able to speak, often remarked that, although her pain was, at times, greater than human nature could well support, yet she wished to be preserved from murmuring. Indeed the calmness and serenity of her countenance, at these trying times, evidently evinced that her mind was deeply anchored upon God. She more than once repeated, whilst the tears of humility and gratitude bedewed her cheeks, that although all boasting was excluded, she could adopt the language: "The Lord stayeth in perfect peace."

She gave several directions respecting her interment, &c. with the utmost composure, and at one time, when the disorder wore a more favourable aspect, she expressed considerable regret at returning, as it were, to the world. She several times expressed her satisfaction at being with her near connexions at such a time; adding, how very different would have been her feelings, had she been then in Ireland. A short time before her departure, being apparently under great bodily suffering, her sister Eliza holding her hand in her's, expressed her belief that, in the space of half an hour,

admission would be granted her, into that beautiful city which she saw in her dream; alluding to a very significant dream related by her a few days before. With a look expressive of tender affection, she drew her sister towards her, to take her last farewell, making, at the same time, a sweet and grateful melody, expressive of the joy she felt at the prospect of a speedy release.

She then lay perfectly composed, and quietly departed about the time specified, the 10th day of 2d month, 1812; and is, we humbly hope, enjoying the full fruition of that "Unspeakable glory," the mere foretaste of which so often cheered her gloomy path, and served as an anchor, both sure and steadfast, to bear up her sinking bark, driven by adverse winds, on the tempestuous ocean of life.

" Thither all her hopes ascending,
Rose in ecstasy sublime ;
Thither all her wishes bending,
Triumph'd over death and time."

My sister possessed a poetic talent, which she did not much cultivate; and it was rarely

called forth, except on the birth-days of her juvenile charge, and that at their earnest entreaty. Excellence must not therefore be expected ; I shall, however, venture to give a few specimens of this kind of composition.

EFFUSIONS IN VERSE.

*Lines written on my Birth-Day, at the request of a Niece,
21st of 11th Month, 1806.*

BLEAK stormy winds and chilling rain,
Bestrew with falling leaves the plain;
And of their verdure soon divest,
The trees, gay spring and summer dress'd.
Bright Sol's fair beams and azure blue,
Autumnal clouds hide from the view,
And hovering tempests' whistling ring,
Cold tidings of stern winter bring :
On this dark day, with aspect drear;
I close my thirty-second year.

The birds are fled which cheer'd the day,
And sweetly sung from spray to spray;
Perhaps in foreign climes they rove,
To warble in some fragrant grove ;
Escaped from each inclement blast,
Upon your feather'd kindred cast,

Well may you sing and joyful boast,
A greener, warmer, happier coast.

The stormy winds and tempest drear,
An emblem of my life appear :
Early on sorrow's ocean cast,
Impell'd by each impetuous blast,
My trembling bark on surges tost,
From shore to shore, from coast to coast ;
And might have sunk beneath the flood,
But hope fast by the anchor stood,
Pointing to yonder pearly strand,
Where weary sea-beat sailors land.
Thus, by her buoyant influence borne,
We weather out th' opposing storm ;
Trusting when every danger's past,
To anchor on firm ground at last.

The falling foliage flying round,
Like all my faded joys are found ;
Which bloomed as fresh and smiled as gay,
Yet ah ! how frail and fleet were they.

The shrouded light and clouded day,
Alike perspective scenes display ;
All hid behind a sacred shade,
By wise discerning mercy made.

The cheering birds in song employ'd,
Where like the friends I once enjoy'd ;
Who often caused the gloomy day,
To pass in social love away ;
But now they're fled to that calm shore,
Where storms and tempests fright no more ;
And joyful on seraphic wing,
The happiest clime enraptur'd sing ;
Whilst I, your friend, remain below,
Exposed to various kinds of wo.
What deep regret my bosom rends,
For mother, brother, sisters, friends !
Yet ah ! how fruitless thus to mourn ;
These comforts never must return.

Oh ! may we then, dear Ann, prepare,
Their joy unspeakable to share ;

That when each painful conflict's o'er
Our souls may reach that tranquil shore,
Where sin and pain no more annoy,
To curb th' extatic strain of joy
Which their exalted spirits raise,
In hymns of animated praise.
Oh ! joyful thought, to dwell with you,
Who such a course of love pursue ;
In beatific vision see,
The glories of eternity !

Ah ! what's this dark terrestrial vale,
Where disappointing griefs assail ;
Compared to your serene retreat,
In which sublimest pleasures meet !
Both faith and hope which here befriend,
To you in sweet fruition end.
Whilst numerous frailties we bemoan,
And under their oppression groan,
Centred in high triumphant joy,
You reign in bliss without alloy.
E'en *death* the debt which nature owes,
And all its agonizing throes ;

We who are left must yet endure,
(To all mankind an awful hour,)
'Tis past with you, the victory's won,
And everlasting peace begun.

Then may we joys immortal prize,
And pant with ardour for the skies ;
But oh ! we cannot reach those plains,
If nature in dominion reigns :
Redeeming grace must work within,
To renovate and free from sin.
Oh ! let us then submissive bend,
And heaven will kind assistance lend ;
E'en though our pangs may be severe,
Let's not the operation fear ;
All gold must through the furnace pass,
To cleanse it from its native dross.
Our steadfast guide who points the way,
Can lead to realms of endless day ;
And teach us sweet celestial praise,
Such as adoring angels raise ;
'Till heaven's high arc resounds above,
With praises of a Saviour's love.

Now, whilst the best affections glow,
And warmly from the pencil flow,
My nearest friends beyond the main,
On dear Britannia's lovely plain,
Press on the heart and sweetly prove,
The binding force of genuine love:
Long may kind Heav'n's auspicious smile,
Descend and bless my native isle;
And may its sweet enriching dew,
My dearest sisters rest on you.
What larger wish can love inspire,
What gift more valuable desire?
Not all the wealth the Indies yield,
Can, from surrounding evils shield,
Or highest pleasures here possess'd,
Give peace without this dear bequest.
Oh! may it bless us till our breath
Is shorten'd by approaching death;
And then its calming influence save,
From terror of the gloomy grave;
Causing our ransom'd souls to sing:
"Grave where's thy victory, death thy sting!"

**What earthly power such triumph yields,
Or brings to such elysian fields ?
Where time, nor floods, nor fire destroy,
Where all is glory, life, and joy !**

COMPOSED EXTEMPORE

*During a ride to Passage, a Bathing-Place about seven
miles from Cork,*

28th of 9th Month, 1807.

O'Thou ! whose eye surveys from shore to shore,
Whose voice can calm, or bid the ocean roar ;
Lays loud, terrific, whirling, winds asleep ;
And smooths the surface of the angry deep :
Where'er I look, where'er I cast my eye,
Thy wisdom, power, and goodness I espy,
Shining majestic through the solar light,
And in the glittering thousands of the night.
They o'er the changes of the moon preside,
Which rules the flux and reflux of the tide,
Whose mighty bulk of waters knows its bound,
And back, in strict obedience, rolls profound.
There all the wond'rous finny tribe proclaim,
In sportive flouncings, Thy creative name.

How great thy power that sways this massy
sphere!

How great thy love, display'd from year to year!
Thou clothes the fields & gives the seasons birth,
And sheds rich blessings o'er the teeming earth.
On its gay face what varied beauties shine!
And all the cattle of the hills are thine.
Fed by thy care, made happy thro' thy will,
Their proper functions they unceasing fill.

Then why should man thy most peculiar love,
Of all thy works the greatest rebel prove!
Swerve most of all from thy protecting sway,
Whom earth, & skies, & winds, & waves obey!
Poor grov'ling worms, mere particles of dust,
If not in thee, oh! where can mortals trust?
Since all their thoughts and deeds are known
to thee!

Who made the eye, must surely all things see!
Then let me guard and watch in holy fear;
Who made the ear, must likewise all things hear!

An angel's tongue, a seraph's glowing breath,
Disrobed of earth, beyond the powers of death,

Only are fit, with thoughts and utt'rance free,
To sing the praises which are due to Thee.

Yet gracious Lord ! thou mighty King of kings,
Exalt my mind on inspiration's wings !
Unlock my tongue, and help my soul to soar,
And tho' in shackles, teach me to adore ;
For to withhold, what grateful creature can,
Who sees and feels thy wond'rous love to man !
How is he mar'd above the brutal race,
With form erect, and heaven-illumined face,
With placid reason's intellectual light,
And grace superior as the day to night.
Each varying face, and voice, and gait combine,
To show the glorious workmanship's divine.

Then, O my God, my father, guardian, friend,
My strength in life, my hope when life shall end,
From human sins and frailties set me free,
For O ! thou know'st, thou'rt all in all to me !
O make me bless thee whilst on earth I stay,
Then praise thee louder in perpetual day ;
Kneel at thy footstool, own confusion mine,
But honor, glory, love, and mercy Thine !

LINES

Written in the beginning of the year 1808.

SEE the sun which of late in pure brilliancy shon'd,
Gild with faint glim'ring lustre the wide
western main;

Slide hastily off from his warm splendid throne,
That night's milder orb may reign empress
again.

Grave season advance with thy shadowy hours,
Congenial to hearts fraught with feelings
like mine;

For mem'ry now wakes, big with retrospect
powers,

Yet tho' plaintive my numbers, I do not repine.

But pensively muse on the years that are fled,
And as cheerless look forward to this newly
born.

Ah! blame not the tears which affection has shed,
For joys on their flight, from my sad bosom torn.

Ye pleasures so prized by the great & the gay,
Ye glittering allurements I mourn not for you;
But for friends and connexions by death
snatch'd away,
And ah! chiefly for those who still cease
to be true.

O friendship! thou dearest companion of wo,
.. Tho' transient thy stay on this life's busy stage,
I'll mourn thy departure, my tears fresh shall flow,
Sweet solace of youth, and reviver of age.

Without thee unheeded we languish and sigh,
Without thee this world a drear desert appears,
No kindling affection meets sorrow's fill'd eye,
No sympathy soothing quells grief's bitter tears.

Yet still there is comfort for those who bewail,
A pleasing serenity and luxury in grief;
Hope points to the confines where joys never fail,
And Faith, her bright sister, yields cordial
relief.

These lead me to you darling friends of my heart,
Whose social endearments I long shall deplore;
To you—happy thought! never more to depart,
Where love, peace, and friendship is lacking
no more.

Arouse then my soul! and thy wailings forbear,
Nor mourn these triumphant possessors of joy;
Tho' a long night of sorrow has come to thy share,
That morn may arrive which is free from alloy.

In transport I view thee, irradiate morn!
And tho' poignant the potion to fit me for thee,
Not the dregs I'll refuse, nor adversity's thorn,
Shall fright me to struggle or wish to be free:

My mother! how could I lament thy release,
When early thou left thy dear orphans to roam;
Or sigh for the branches next centred in peace,
Sweet Anna & William*, so fit for their home.

* Her only child and her youngest brother. For her account of the latter, see p. 9 and 10.

Oh! how shall I mention or calmly resign,
Death's next deprivation of what I held dear!
My husband, my infant, my all that was mine,
Fell again, in idea, that desolate year.

When far from my soothings, across the vast main,
My dearest fond brother felt death's fatal dart;
Could the shafts of affliction produce keener pain?
In rankling & breaking the strings of my heart.

Thy memory is precious, sweet virtuous youth!
Cut down in thy blooming & promising spring;
Ah! nature must weep for thy kindness & truth,
And thy sister this tribute of gratitude bring.

And other loved friends by affinity bound,
And nearly cemented in semblance of mind,
Have under disease, one by one drop'd around;
Till few I can find so attractive and kind.

Yet death has not sent all the woes I have felt;
I would willingly give this destroyer his due;
From many dire sources afflictions are dealt,
More hard to be borne, yet experienced by few.

Ye ties consanguineous to whom I impart,
This dirge so reflective, this truth-woven song;
O! hold by the unbroken cords of my heart,
For I tenderly rank you, my blessings among.

Though I mourn my long absence from dear
Britain's shore;—

Though I mourn my expected detention
from you;

I rejoice in that Mercy that lives evermore;—

I rejoice—and resignedly bid you adieu!

*Composed extempore, on reading the preceding Stanzas,
written by H. Taylor ; and which, from their import,
seem not improper to be inserted here.*

How mournful the numbers that flow from
thy pen !

How poignantly bitter the language they paint !
For 'tis heartfelt affliction that dictates the strain,
Yet compared with thy feelings, the language
is faint.

For thy wrongs have been num'rous, thy
troubles how great !

And thy bosom with anguish continues to heave,
Yet to thee shall Religion supply a retreat,
And grant thee a friend who will never
deceive.

When many dear relatives sunk in the grave,
And thy sweet smiling infant no longer was
thine ;

When thy tenderest care its loved life could
not save,

Then piety taught thee this gift to resign.

And it taught thee to bear some privations
more deep,

When a faithless lov'd, proved worse than
unkind ;

When rejected affection compell'd thee to weep ;

Then virtue and constancy succour'd thy mind.

And thou still wilt be sooth'd from that permanent
spring,

Though thy heart has been plunder'd, and
hiddenly torn ;

Yet Hope will not fail her rich treasures to bring,

And unfold the fair prospect of Heaven's
bright morn.

Yes—faith and resignation shall furnish a balm,

A blessing the world has refused to bestow ;

These shall grant thee a refuge so peaceful
and calm,

As admits not the waters of Mara to flow.

Then cease the sad wailings that flow from thy
breast,

For time soon shall blunt the sharp thorns
that corrode!

And this vista so gloomy, shall lead to that rest,
Where peace, love, and purity fix their abode.

W——.

M. H.

THE RIVER LEE

*And its environs, as seen from Cork, with a slight sketch of
the state of the Poor in Ireland, addressed to my Sisters.
Cork, 1808.*

REMOTE and pensive on Hibernia's plain,
Where lovely LEE displays a grand domain ;
'Midst beauteous banks his ample waters glide,
And towering ships float in commercial pride ;
Where nature glows, to feast th' admiring eyes,
And polish'd art her every want supplies ;
Can sighs ascend ? While round th' attractive
scene,

Bright joy awakes, clad with enlivening green ?
If to the hills commanding height we tread,
LEE's silver waters to a lake are spread ;
There flitting sails adorn the bright expanse,
And parting sun-beams on its surface dance.
Above —gay domes and handsome villas stand,
And lowly cabins speckle o'er the land.
Here fruitful gardens smile with fragrance sweet,
Enamel'd lawns, and stately parks complete ;

Where sprightly deer and humbler cattle rove ;
Now crop their food, now rest beneath the grove.
Onward—the fields in autumns bounty dress'd,
Regale the eye, and swell the grateful breast;
Beyond—blue hills in slow gradation rise,
Which bound the prospect with the circling skies.
Yet sighs ascend, e'en while this scene I view,
For O ! my glowing heart returns to you ;
To you, my sisters, and your peaceful home,
Where fixed I stand, nor have one wish to roam.
But mental visits short-lived pleasure yield,
Again I range a wide extended field ;
To the throng town return with labouring heart,
Nor can my pen each painful thought impart ;
Ah ! it would grieve your feeling hearts to find,
Such dark delusion cloud the human mind.
Here superstition bears a potent sway ;
For souls departed, see them kneel and pray.
Priests keep the peasant from fair truth's recess,
And boldly say they have the power to bless ;
Drive knowledge hence, their private ends to
gain ;
For, from the sacred page he must abstain.

Why need he watch—or direful vengeance fear;
Lo! thousands purchase absolution here.

Think ye, who Albion's happy isle have seen,
(Not fifty leagues of ocean roll between,)
Why men so nigh, uncivilized appear,
At least behind you many a hundred year.
Ah! think of Erin's poor oppressed race,
Half naked limbs, and roughly featured face;
Then round on British comfort cast your eyes,
And let the best emotions sweetly rise.

Close by his door the muddy duck-pond lies,
And closer still the noisome dunghills rise;
Whence pigs and fowl, their master's only store,
Besire the threshold of his lowly door;
And here, barefooted, wife and children tread,
Nor taste those creatures they so often fed;
No fowl-house his, nor yet an humbler sty,
But all beneath one smoky hovel lie.

To view his mud-wall'd cot with floor of clay,
Where scanty viands scarce keen hunger lay,
His bed of straw, bare house and chilly fire,
Would not the philosophic mind inquire,

Why such a contrast 'twixt this land and ours ?
Since bounteous nature liberal plenty pours ;
Can innate love of custom sway the mind,
In abject poverty to sink resign'd ?
To spurn the clean industrious habits forth,
That cheer and bless & crown the happier north.
Or should the state some wiser methods plan,
To elevate this wretched race of man ?
Interrogations cease, nor more involve,
Let politicians these inquiries solve.
Enough to fear where flowing riches shower,
They stint and grind the faces of the poor ;
Enough their meagre forms and wants to see ;
And oh ! to crave their good, enough for me.

Should the great Arbiter of heaven & earth,
Whose glorious goodness gave all beings birth,
Dispel those darkling clouds which thickly spread,
And shade his radiance from the peasant's head ;
Then light and truth might unobstructed shine,
And joy and gladness enter hearts like mine.

THE NAVAL LIST.

On first seeing my Husband's Name in it, 1809.

WHILE pensive, musing on Hibernia's shore,
A thought occur'd, the naval list t'explore ;
To town I went, but oh ! what pangs surpr'se,
What fresh commotions in my bosom rise !
Among the masters, Henry's name I spy,
Unbidden tears soon crystalize my eye,
And Henry's name became the muse's cry.

This well-known name could lively joy impart,
And often thrill'd thy once lov'd Hannah's heart,
Sped the warm current thro' her youthful veins,
And flush'd her cheeks with anxious, pleasing
pains.

In pure affection ardently she loved;
Twelve years of trial have the basis proved.

She little thought that war should ere enroll,
Him who possessed all but her inmost soul.

She little thought, ah ! when in Cumbers' land,
To thee she freely gave her willing hand ;
That ought but love could ever intervene ;
That ought but death could change the tender
scene.

And then much less when thy sweet babe she
press'd,
With all a mother's fondness to her breast ;
Beheld thy eyes a father's joy bespeak,
Whilst love paternal press'd her glowing cheek ;
An unsuspecting heart no falsehood knew,
But firmly confident, believed thee true.

What flattering phantom could my sight
beguile,
To foster joy in thy fallacious smile !
What envious fiend could tempt thy wilder'd
heart,
From conscious peace, from faithful love to part !
What hideous spectre haunts the vicious way ?
Does not remorse ye worldly votaries say ?
'Then why pursue ? nor check your frantic will,
Virtue, tho' slighted, is most lovely still.

Yes—her calm pleasures neither sting nor cloy;
Her paths are peace, her end celestial joy.

This well-known name disturbs my calm repose,
And retrospection wakes my dormant woes,
E'en while I write deep interceding sighs,
In thick succession from my bosom rise,
In language thus : " O may Thy power controul
The wayward follies of his wand'ring soul ;
Thou, who canst quell the wild impetuous wave,
Omniscient God ! my long-lost husband save !
To thy strict justice, I no plea can make,
But oh ! redeem him for thy mercies' sake !"

This well-known name would then rejoice
my ear,
Beyond this dreary fluctuating sphere ;
If thro' supreme, unutterable love,
Extatic joys my weary spirit prove ;
How would this favor swell my grateful song !
How would my soul the joyous theme prolong !
'Midst the blest choir, I'd loudest anthems sing,
And Heaven's wide concave should with praises
ring.

To Thee, my God, my light, my strength,
my life;

Thou best protector of the widow'd wife!

My righteous Judge, and never-failing friend!

O! may my powers, to thine submissive bend!

In every state, thy gracious name adore,

Both now, henceforward, and for evermore!

THE BIRTH-DAY.

To one of her Nieces.

LITTLE maid with speaking eye,
Ready wit and smart reply ;
Shall I hail thy natal day,
Teach thee to be wisely gay ;
With grave precepts mirth annoy,
Check the current of thy joy ?

Yes, with simple, artless lay,
I will hail thy natal day ;
Bid thy heart when fraught with glee,
To shun the poignant repartee,
Which a brother's breast might pierce,
Or a sister's smiles disperse ;
But my mild reproving lay,
Shall not chase thy joys away.

Well I know that life's bright morn,
Hope, with roseate charms adorn ;

And, alas ! how soon they fade,
'Neath afflictions chilling shade !
Scatter'd by the adverse wind,
Nor buds nor fragrance left behind ;
Still their wounding thorns annoy,
And trust in earthly bliss destroy.

'Then take thy fill of harmless glee,
Nor tread the blighted path with me ;
The adverse gales may rise too soon,
And clouds obscure thy radiant noon.
Yet little maid be wisely gay,
And waste not all thy hours away.

Store thy mind for riper age,
Trace the scientific page,
Where illumined lines impart,
Knowledge that expands the heart ;
Shows thee, to be meek and kind,
Well befits the virtuous mind.
Bids thee seek for grace within,
Which would keep thy mind from sin.

Oh ! attend its warning voice ;
Make its lasting good thy choice,
Then when life's fair spring is o'er,
And thou canst dance and frisk no more,
This will solid pleasure bring ;
Pleasure void of every sting.

Make then virt'ous life thy scope,
Which will give celestial hope ;
Hope that points to yonder skies,
When the world's false phantom dies.
Here the brief monitions end,
Written by thy tender friend ;
Peaceful mayst thou ever dwell ;—
Little maiden, fare thee well.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

To another of her Nieces, 1809.

WHILST Gallia's emperor wields vindictive
arms,
And fair Europa shields unconquer'd charms ;
The echoing realms with dire destruction ring,
And woes unnumber'd from the conflict spring ;
Whilst various states for quiv'ring freedom burn,
To raise its peerless light o'er fell ambition's urn ;
Let me, retir'd on calm Hibernia's shore,
From war's hoarse thundering, wild, terrific roar,
On pensive themes attune th' harmonic string,
And of loved Emma's anniversary sing.

Come gentle poesy ! with powerful sway,
In sweet vibration hail this halcyon day ;
Whilst lovely truth may radiant beams impart,
Come teach young Emma's inexperienced heart,
Unveil the ills of swift precarious time,
And wisely warn her ere meridian prime.

Few without slips this glassy passage glide,
Or stand unshaken on the treach'rous tide.
Then blooming Emma strict attention lend,
And to the product of these powers attend.

Were I endow'd with Heaven's availing power,
My heart would genial benedictions shower,
Or, by its energetic influence led,
Pour choicest unction on thy youthful head ;
Or could my pen high eloquence display,
I would evince it on thy natal-day.

Since unpossessed of such dispensing powers,
For science smil'd not on my earliest hours ;
Take genuine wishes, all I can impart,
Fresh from the warm recesses of the heart ;
But first the muse in kind poetic cheer,
Bids hearty welcome to thy thirteenth year,
Whilst my sad bosom skill'd in life's alloy,
For thee alternate throbs with fear and joy.

May every virtue, every mental grace,
Speak thro' the features of thy lumin'd face,

Nor placid peace their bright companion stay,
But closely tend thee each revolving day.
And oh! may pure, celestial dew descend,
The best of portions, and the surest friend!
Riches and life, and every transient thing,
I humbly leave to heaven's omniscient King--

Now turn, survey this metaphoric scene,
And draw instruction thro' an emblem mean.
Behold! yon ships with all their sails unfurl'd,
Launch beauteous forth upon the watery world;
Enjoy the smoothness of the opening scene,
The waves unruffled, and the sky serene,
Their charts in order and their compass true,
Nay more, the wished-for destined port in view;
No danger fear'd no lurking rocks are seen,
Buoyant they steer, nor dream of storms between;
When lo! in some bright corner of the sky,
The small black cloud portending tempest nigh,
Quickly collects its magazine profound,
Then bursts in whirling devastation round.
Now foams the sea the boist'rous whirlwinds roar,
The shoals appear, the gulphs & rocky shore,

And the gay vessel, erst with swelling sail,
For lack of ballast bows before the gale ;
From that rebounding rears her shatter'd mast,
Then shivering reels beneath the furious blast.
All arts prove vain, each cheering prospect dies,
And from their sight the blissful haven flies.
Well may they cry, with sad contracted brow,
Ah ! what avails our store of knowledge now ;
Then humbly suppliant, best assistance crave,
To save them found'ring on the trackless wave.

Amazing pow'r ! oh how the storm subsides,
The winds are hush'd, the vessel gently glides !
For mercy's voice, whose pow'r awaits his will,
Has bid the loud, tempestuous waves " be still :"
Full on the prow with golden anchor graced,
See smiling Hope in matchless kindness plac'd.
Her piercing eye discerns the distant shore ;
She cheerly points—look there, your God adore.
With tremulous joy the sea-beat sailors
land,
And rapturous anchor on the radiant strand.

Now farewell Hope, we've gain'd the happy
shore,
And ne'er shall want thy friendly office more ;
Nor holy faith's too oft by frailties tost,
Farewell, you're both in sweet fruition lost.
Rouse, string the harp, sing all ye blest above,
In highest anthems of consummate love !
Our woes are past, from sin and sorrow free,
And this joy springs, O mighty love ! from thee.
Resound his praise, let heaven's wide concave
ring,
Whilst we adore our great, triumphant King ;
From whose exhaustless fount unbounded flows,
Ecstatic pleasure, absolute repose.
Oh ! bow the knee, angelic spirits bend ;
These joys are ours, and ne'er shall have an end.

Observe, my Emma, on life's flattering sea,
How much these beauteous ships resemble thee ;
Thou too art furnish'd smooth to sail afar,
Reason thy compass, grace thy guiding star,
Good sense thy rudder which might wayward steer,
Were not the pole-star and the compass near.

Books are thy quadrants and directing charts,
And education take for naval arts.
Thus far well rigg'd, say what can Emma fear,
Nor doubts, nor dangers, damp her general cheer;
But with th' embellishments already given,
She speeds on prosperous gales, in sight of heaven.
But O ! beware tho' trials lurk unseen,
'They still impend, surround, and lie between;
When least expected like the whirlwinds roar,
May on thy head their dreadful fury pour.
To be prepared to brave the boisterous blast,
Into thy bark discretion's ballast cast.
And ere thou strive to stem the foamy waves,
Lay hold on faith, which to the utmost saves ;
It can the doubtful, drooping spirits free ;
For what is faith, great God ! but trust in Thee.
'This too can guide thee to the blissful strand,
'Tho' shoals and whirlpools threat on ev'ry hand.
The gracious Donor, bountiful as just,
Grants gifts as means, but claims man's only trust.
Mortals must bow, his helping arm revere,
And hold this sojourn in submissive fear.

For soon shall all terrestrial joys decay,
Friends drop around, & friendship melt away.
Time's ruthless hand spoils youth's attractive
scene :

Delusive phantom, shadows all terrene.
Hence heavenly love should most our hearts
employ,
Substantial object, never fading joy !
If so, victorious like the voyagers blest,
We'll enter safely calm, celestial rest;
And oh ! like them, in humble rapture raise,
A glorious hymn of never-ending praise.



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